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*from H. J. G. E. 1896*



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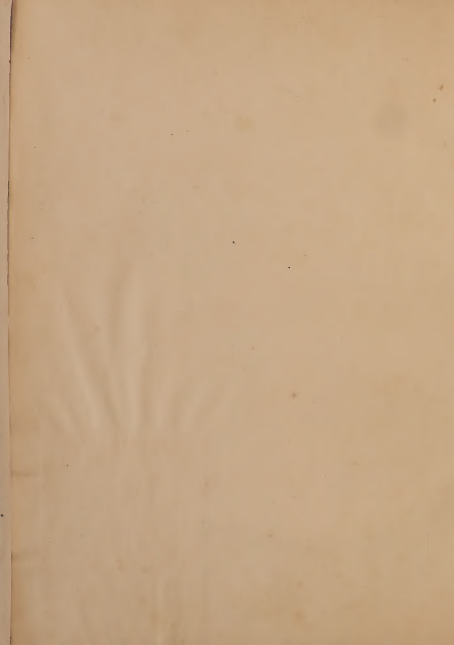
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*Geoffrey Gambado Esq.*

*W. Dickinson del.*



AN  
**ACADEMY**  
FOR  
**GROWN HORSEMEN;**  
CONTAINING THE  
**COMPLETEST INSTRUCTIONS**

FOR  
WALKING,  
TROTTING,  
CANTERING,  
|| GALLOPING,  
STUMBLING, AND  
TUMBLING.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH COPPER PLATES, AND ADORNED WITH A  
PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

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*By* **GEOFFREY GAMBADO, Esq.**

RIDING MASTER, MASTER OF THE HORSE, AND GRAND  
EQUERRY TO THE DOGE OF VENICE.

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**The Third Edition.**

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"To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,

"And witch the world with noble Horsemanship."

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. NICHOLSON, WARNER STREET,  
FOR W. BAYNES, 54, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1808.

# ACADEMY

GROWN HORSEMAN;

COMPLETEST INSTRUCTIONS

WALKING,	HALLOING,
TROTING,	STUMBLING,
CANTERING,	TUMBLING.

WITH COPIES OF THE  
TREATISE OF THE ARTS

BY GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq.

ESQ. OF THE

LONDON:

FOR W. BAKER OF ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

*THE EDITOR* has to lament that the first pages of our Author's work, are amongst those missing, but as the Author himself, in his *Preface*, seems to have arranged his string of instructions, the Editor thinks himself justified in placing those first that relate to the choice of a horse.



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TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
Lord Viscount TOWNSHEND,  
GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,  
AND  
COLONEL OF THE QUEEN'S REGIMENT OF  
DRAGOON GUARDS.

To your Lordship, as commanding a regiment of cavalry, a Treatise of Horsemanship comes immediately in the line of your profession; I, therefore, humbly conceive, that consideration alone, would authorise me

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with propriety to request your patronage and protection for this my adopted foundling; to which petition I am further induced by the patriotic hopes of being useful to my country: for having, with regret, observed, that both your Lordship, and the corps under your command, if one may judge by appearances, are totally ignorant of the graces and superior advantages attending Mr. Gambado's system, I have flattered myself, that on a perusal of it, you will not only adopt it yourself,

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but also use your interest to introduce it into the service. What might not be expected from the British Cavalry thus improved?

I might here enter into a train of common-place compliments, and flourish away on the laurels your Lordship might by this means gather, in addition to those already acquired; but I will not offend your delicacy: besides, laurel is a tree not cultivated in these piping times of peace: I shall therefore conclude this epistle with my sincere wishes, that

your Lordship may long,  
very long, in health and  
spirits enjoy your BAYS.

*I am,*

*With the greatest Respect,*

*Your LORDSHIP'S*

*Most obedient*

*Humble Servant,*

SEPTEMBER 1st, 1787.

THE EDITOR.



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# FRAGMENT

OF THE

## *AUTHOR'S PREFACE.*

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THERE needs no apology for putting forth this little volume; there would, on the other hand, need many for with-holding it from the publick. Philanthropy has induced me to make known to the world, the following rules; by observing which alone, horsemanship may become a safe and pleasing

amusement: and I doubt not, but every true judge of the noble art, will acknowledge the excellence of my instructions; and every true lover of it applaud my public spirit, in circulating them abroad for the benefit of mankind at large.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have had some difficulty in fixing upon a title for my work: A Vade Mecum is quite hacknied out: A School is become of late years, a term entirely applied to comedies; and for *Every Man his own Horseman*, an ingeni-

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ous professor in Dublin assured me it was a bull.

I have therefore adopted Academy; I think it is happily chosen, properly expressive, and has, I think, been affixed to but one work of genius, *viz.* The Academy of Compliments, a publication, which, thanks to our present politeness, is now scarcely remembered.

The Academy for grown Horsemen, is a work that has cost me much labour, and the application of some years, to complete. But, when I consider the vast

utility it may be of to my fellow creatures; that they are to profit by it and not myself:

“ *Sic vos non vobis, fertis aratra boves.*”

I flatter myself I have not wasted the midnight oil in vain, “and I look with pleasure on my book, giving it to the world with the satisfaction of a man who has endeavoured to deserve well.” May many be the necks it preserves for nobler purposes.

\* \* \* \* \*

I am happy in having met with an artist, who has illustrated my ideas of horse-

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manship completely to my wishes, and I here beg leave thus publicly to acknowledge my obligations to him.

\* \* \* \* \*

As I shall be as concise and explicit as possible in the valuable instructions and discoveries I am now about to communicate to the world; it will be the reader's own fault, if he does not profitably benefit by them. When I have told him how to chuse a horse, how to tackle him properly, in what sort of dress to ride him, how to

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mount and manage him, how to ride him out, and, above all, how to ride him home again; if he is not a complete horseman in the course of ten or dozen summers, I will be bold to foretell, that neither the skill of Mr. Astley, nor the experience of Mr. John \* Gilpin, will ever make him one.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Nil desperandum, me duce Teucro.”

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\* Mr. John Gilpin. The author mentions John, to distinguish him from William. Both these gentlemen are elegant and enlightened travellers, and have published each their tour:—John, his to Edmonton, in 1782;—William, his to Cumberland, in 1786.

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THE

*EDITOR to the READER.*

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It is to the same propitious stars, which rescued the creatures with the craws from perdition, that we are indebted for the recovery of the fragments that compose this most invaluable work. Fortune indeed was most lavish in her smiles upon the Editor, by throwing at once before his sight, in an obscure alehouse near Limehouse Hole, on their first landing, the most extraordinary bipeds that perhaps ever visited this country; and to his much greater astonishment, some manuscript sheets of his unfortunate friend, Mr. Geoffrey Gambado.

On comparing notes (by signs) with these ultramarine beings, he concluded, and with much reason, that the abovementioned sheets

were

were thrown over board by the author (in hopes mankind might yet profit by the recovery of some of them) at the moment the vessel that contained him was going to the bottom; which it is well known was the case, in the Gulph of Venice, a few days previous to the catching of the Crows; and in this surmise he soon found he was nearly right.

Two particular circumstances must yet be noticed. The title page stiles Mr. Gambado Master of the Horse, Riding Master, and Grand Equerry to the Doge of Venice; and so in truth he was appointed in the year of our Lord 1785.

Living in the habits of intimacy with him that the Editor did, he is competent not only to decide what his views were, but what were his sentiments of the Equestrians of his own country, previous to his embarkation for Italy.

That he held in utter contempt the mode of riding commonly adopted in England, was  
obvious,



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obvious, from his never riding like any body else; and upon the Doge of Venice honouring him with the above appointments (and honorary it was supposed they were only meant to be) he was so elated, that he instantly packed up a portmanteau, bought two saddles, as many bridles, six pair of spatterdashes, with spurs affixed, a large roll of diaculum plaister, two pair of patent stirrups, with his MSS. works, (and providentially a few drawings from which the plates in this little volume are engraved); and in a few hours put himself on board a vessel for Trieste, which sailed immediately, and was lost a few leagues from Ragusa. A sailor (one of the few that escaped by putting himself in a fish-kettle, and tying it round his middle, having previously painted it green\*) has informed the Editor, that he saw the last of Mr. Gambado; and his end was as singular as his life had been. The vessel being

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\* It is imagined Mr. Lunardi has fallen in with this man.—  
N. B. Not into the Sea.

expected to go to pieces every instant, he drank a quart of hot punch, and came coolly on the deck; and having first called up all the fortitude he was able, he next called up his servant, with all the saddles and bridles that could be got; and having mounted himself on the largest, and taking a bridle in one hand, and a paper case in the other, desired to be thrown into the sea. This was complied with, but the informant adds, that the boatswain being somewhat desirous to save his life likewise, hastily jumped up behind the unfortunate Gambado, and he apprehends that the saddle, although new and large, was not master of his additional weight, for it dropt with such precipitancy as to throw our Author out of his seat, and his foot catching and hanging in the stirrup\*, soon put an end to his mortal career. And it must be confessed that he made his exit *en parfait cavalier*; and an honour to his

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\* His patent stirrups were probably packed up, or the Author would at least, have had a swim for it.

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leather he was\*. The boatswain was saved by laying fast hold on the crupper.

The Editor (besides the friendship he entertained for this great man), cannot help thinking it is a thousand pities, he should have been lost in so foolish a manner. But such was his rapture at the honours conferred on him by the Doge, and such his disgust for British horsemanship, that delicacy restrained his friends from acquainting him there was no such a thing as a horse to be found in all Venice; and yet they have not a doubt, if he had been apprized of this circumstance in time, he never would have embarked for that capital at all.

When the Crows were first picked up in their pleasure-boat, it was observed they were all over white patches; upon examination it appeared that they were sheets of paper artfully fastened round them with strings of sea-weeds,

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\* An honour to his Cloth—is applied to many a drunken Parson, and I do not see why. To Geoffrey Leather is more suitable.

and

and the sailors, from the impulse of curiosity, lifting some of them up, discovered hand-writing underneath. It should seem that these modest creatures had undoubtedly picked up the papers floating on the surface of the ocean, and converted them to the same use our first parents did the fig-leaves. This is however but a conjecture of the Editor; who certainly met with the fragments of his friend's intended book, in the same place where he first saw the Crows, and where he was told the circumstance of their having worn them.

It is left to the deeper searchers into the wonders of nature (and who are now puzzling to resolve from whence the ladies and gentlemen now lodging at Mr. Becket's, the trunk-maker, in the Haymarket, can possibly come), to determine whether the preservation of the following sheets, is owing to an innate modesty in the creatures with monstrous crows, or to their natural admiration for learning, and a wish to preserve sheets, although adorned  
with

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with characters totally unknown, and unintelligible to them.

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It was necessary for the Editor to explain how he came possessed of the few materials that compose this work. Having done this, he has only to add, that he has recovered a part only of the Author's preface, a few drawings, some notes, an anecdote or two, and about twenty pages of instructions to grown horsemen; but so broken and unconnected, that had he attempted the putting them together, he must have formed a book of his own: Having however, a thorough sense of the superior abilities of the original Author, he wishes rather to give them to the public in scraps as he received them, but arranged to the best of his ability. And he may be bold to add, that as *morceaus* choice as these, would not fall every day into their mouths, were they to hold them

incessantly open, the public would swallow them with avidity, and digest them either immediately, or at their leisure.

The notes that are preserved, are written in a hand unknown to the Editor, and are evidently the remarks of some good-natured friend of Mr. Gambado. By the ingenuity of many of them, and their peculiarity of stile, they bear strong marks of the masterly pen that produced the annotation to the first editions of Mr. Bell's Shakespeare. The portrait of the Author, prefixed, is engraved from a drawing by another of his friends, done from memory; it is like, but a likeness that tinctures of the prejudice of friendship. Jeffery was not so slim, or was his eye so poignant; nor was he ever known to be possessed of a pair of boots himself, though he often mentions boots in his writings.

Of late years, many portraits of celebrated men have been given to the public from memory: Mr. Mason has favoured us with a

most

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most formidable likeness of Gray the Poet; another eminent writer has treated us with one of the noted Charles Price; and we are now furnished, with by no means, a small resemblance of Jeffery Gambado.

Of Jeffery, or as he himself desired it to be wrote, Geoffrey Gambado, little is known of the descent: but that his father was a taylor, he himself has assured me; and that he lived in Devonshire is no less certain. Being a prodigious horseman (his customers living all at a considerable distance from him) I make no doubt but it was in allusion to him, that the term of "riding like a taylor" took its rise. A term still particularly applicable to the natives of that county.

The inhabitants of Yorkshire and the vicinity of Newmarket may turn it into ridicule if they please, but it was meant as highly complimentary and honourable to that valuable body of men. Was not the flying highwayman a taylor? were not three parts of General Elliott's

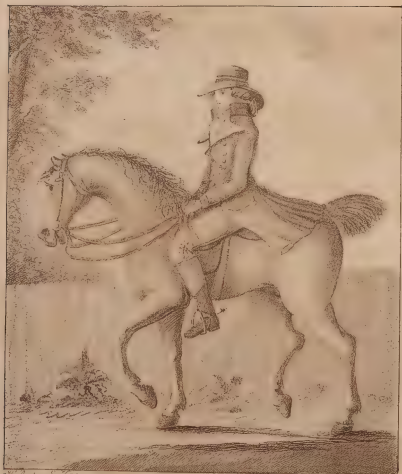
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Elliott's dragoons taylors? and was not he who made that dangerous excursion to Brentford, a taylor?

We are told in a preliminary advertisement to the Tale of the Recess, that "the breaks in the story only tend to heighten the pathetic." A hope attends the Editor, that the breaks in the ensuing work will only serve to give the reader a greater relish of what remains of it, and prevent the glut generally accompanying "too much of a good thing."







W. Dendery Esq. Del.

AN  
ACADEMY  
FOR  
GROWN HORSEMEN

latter, are entirely founded in error, and calculated merely to break the necks of his Majesty's most faithful subjects.

I shall endeavour to prove, and I flatter myself to conviction, that the above mentioned authors are grossly mistaken in all their opinions upon the noble art and science of horsemanship; that even their ideas of the proud animal himself are partial and ill-founded; that the French Parocel, and the Flemish Wouvermans, drew such horses as never existed; and that when we do meet with a horse, that in the least resembles their designs, he is bad and dangerous in the extreme.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is a melancholy truth, that our breed of horses is terribly degenerated, but indeed the national taste is fallen off proportionably; nothing now is to be seen but bred horses; every apprentice must bestride a bit of blood. A bit  
of





of blood! and well may they be termed so, for neither flesh nor bone have they to boast of.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is indeed one breed of horses still extant, which might, and indeed ought, to be brought into more play. I mean what is vulgarly called the dray-horse\*. This, I profess, is a noble animal, and admirably calculated to make a figure either on the road or in the

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\* Or rather *dra*-horse. The most useful animal in the creation, and respected by all antiquity. His name is immediately derived from the Greek verb *δραω*, i. e. *drao*, to do or work; because it was found that he could do more work than any other horse. The vehicle drawn by him was also well known to the Greeks by the name of *dray*, or rather *dra*; and it was in this carriage, and not in a waggon, as is vulgarly supposed, that Thespis carried his stage and actors. Hence the title of *dra*-ma and *dra*-matic, universally applied to all theatrical pieces. The Greek critics refer the invention of such works to the Doric tribes, because this very word *drao* was peculiar to the Doric dialect. If this account be correct, those tribes were also, without doubt, the first breeders of *dra*-horses; an encomium of high value among a people who derived many honourable epithets, as well as proper names, from skill and zeal in breeding and managing horses.

field.

field. Scarce one of them but is master of thirty stone or upwards. What a sublime scene would it be, to see fourscore or a hundred of these animals on the full stretch over a piece of wheat, to catch sight of a hound. It would require the pen of Homer to describe such a spectacle.

On the road, what dangers do we incur from the weakness of our horses! The pitiful spider-legged things of this age fly into a ditch with you, at the sight of a pocket handkerchief, or the blowing of your nose; whereas mount one of these, and the world cannot alter your route: Meet a higler's cart, he will stop it, either with his own head or your leg; fall in with a hackney coach, and he will carry you slap dash against it.

\* \* \* \* \* As a purchaser, it is immaterial whether you go to Tattersall's, or Aldridge's, to Meynell's Hunt, or his Majesty's, it is probable you will be taken in wherever you go. \* \* \* \* \*

To



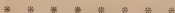




*One way to stop your Horse.*

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To define a perfect horse is nearly impossible, and to tell you where to buy one, completely so. However, I shall endeavour to describe such outward beauties and active qualifications, as are requisite to the composition of one; and should such a phoenix fall in your way (and the taste of these times are so vilely perverted, I believe you have a better chance at present than you would have had some years back) I hope you will not let him slip through your fingers.



The height of a horse is perfectly immaterial, provided he is higher behind than before. Nothing is more pleasing to a traveller than the sensation of continually getting forward; whereas the riding a horse of a contrary make, is like swarming the bannisters of a stair-case, when, though perhaps you really advance, you feel as if you were going backwards.

Let him carry his head low, that he may  
C have

have an eye to the ground, and see the better where he steps.

The less he lifts his fore legs, the easier he will move for his rider, and he will likewise brush all the stones out of his way, which might otherwise throw him down. If he turns out his toes as well as he should do, he will then disperse them to the right and the left, and not have the trouble of kicking the same stone a second time.



A bald face, wall eyes, and white legs (if your horse is not a grey one) is to be preferr'd; as, in the night, although you may ride against what you please, yourself, no one will ride against you.

His nose cannot project too much from his neck, for by keeping a constant tight rein on him, you will then sit as firm as if you were held on.

A horse's ears cannot well be too long: a judicious





dicious rider steers his course, by fixing his eyes between them. Were he cropt, and that as close as we sometimes see them now a days, in a dusky evening the rider might wander the lord knows where.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have found many persons who have purchased horses of me, very inquisitive and troublesome about their eyes; indeed as much so, as if their eyes were any way concerned in the action of the animal. As I know they are not, I give myself very little trouble about them. If a rider is in full possession of his own, what his horse has, is perfectly immaterial; having probably a bridle in his mouth to direct him where to go, and to lift him up with again, if he tumbles down. Any gentleman chusing, indeed, to ride without a bridle, should look pretty sharp at a horse's eyes before he buys him: be well satisfied with his  
method

method of going, be very certain that he is docile, and will stop short with a "Wohey\*," and, after all, be rather scrupulous where he rides him. Let no man tell me that a blind horse is not a match for one with the best of eyes, when it is so dark that he cannot see; and when he can, it is to be supposed the gentleman upon his back can, as well as he; and then, if he rides with a bridle, what has he to fear? I flatter myself, I have proved as clear as day, that eyes are of little consequence; and as I am, no doubt, the first author that has made it known, my readers, if they lose no time, may mount themselves at Aldridge's, or the Rhedarium, as well, and for half the money they would have done, before I let them into this secret.

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\* I have searched Chambers and Johnson for this Wohey! but cannot find him. I do not recollect such a word in all Shakespeare, and he dealt at large in the language. Neither is it to be met with in Master Bailey's delicate Collection of Provincialisms. What is Wohey?



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Be sure to buy a broken knee'd horse, whenever he falls in your way: the best bit of flesh that ever was crossed will certainly come down one day or another; whereas one that has fallen, (and scarified himself pretty much) never will again if he can help it.

Spavins, splints, corns, mallenders, sallenders, &c. &c. being all curable, are beneath your notice. A few of these little infirmities in your stable, is always a subject of conversation, and you may, perhaps, now and then want one; it will likewise justify you to your lady, in embellishing your bookcase with Bracken, Gibson, Bartlett, and Griffiths; excellent authors in their way, and extremely useful! for you will have no occasion to be sending for an apothecary upon every trifling ailment in your family, but will know yourself how to make up a good stout and effectual dose of physic for your wife or servants, in the gooseberry season, and at the fall of the leaf.

D

I would

I would recommend a long tail, if it is to be had for love or money; if that is not to be got, buy a horse with a rat tail, if possible; though inferior in point of convenience to the former, there is a *j'è ne sçai quoi* of comicality about it, that inclines us to merriment whenever it makes its appearance. There is one inconvenience attending long tails in summer (when the poor animals have most need of them); and that is, horses full of grass are very subject to scourings; in this case ride your horse with his tail in a bag, or else he may annoy you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Having described for my reader a horse, and I hope he likes him, I would fain form as complete a horseman, and having so done, my ambition would be gratified, my end answered, and I would never ride again myself, as long as I liv'd,

\* \* \* \* \*

Few

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Few writers on this subject have thought it necessary to prescribe any peculiar mode of dress to equestrians. I am such a zealot about the propriety of their appearance, that I think too much cannot be said on the subject. Heavens! how are the laws degraded since the abolition of full bottoms \* in our Courts of Justice: I attribute the encrease of thievery to it, and firmly believe, that ten men are hanged for every inch curtailed in a Judge's wig.

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The Editor can only attribute the singularity of the ten or a dozen lines that follow, to their having been written *after dinner*; Mr. Gambado being fond of pushing the bottle about briskly. His annotator seems to think the same; indeed, if he was the author's friend, he was a

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\* He might have added, how are our Ladies improved by the adoption of them.

very impartial one, for his criticisms pretty often border on the severe.

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Bias, I think it is, that observes, the *tout ensemble* should be attended to in every thing; he judiciously remarks, that a beautiful woman ill-drest would be much better undrest; and he says much the same of rabbits and onions, but I forgot how he brings that to bear. The clear headed reader will soon perceive I have an eye at *him*; and having provided him with a steed, I would wish to make his rider a match for him; for your rider is half the battle\*.

Touching

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\* Was ever so much absurdity crammed into so few lines! Our author could not be, ipse, he, when he wrote this! Bias talk French! O cœlum in terra! and be a judge of a Lady's dress too! and understand cookery likewise! Why, Mr. Gambado, you really endow him with more talents than fell to the lot of the admirable Crichton, and you forget, do you, how he brings that to bear; and so do I too, upon my word. As to your having an eye at the reader, I don't believe it: like our honest friend Homer, I fancy, this was *your* time, to have been put to bed.

Half





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Touching the apparel then, I will begin at top. Wear a wig, if possible, and should you be a sportsman and hunt the \* forest, the larger and whiter it is, the safer for you: for should your horse prove, what is properly termed too many for you, and make off, nothing but the singularity of your appearance can restore you to your disconsolate family†. The hallooing and hooting of the boys that this will occasion, will enable your friends to trace you through most of the villages you may have past; and at the worst to know, in what part of the country to have you cried.

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Half the battle, how vulgar! Our immortal bard, as they call him, in his highest vagaries never was *so low as this!*

\* The stag hunt in Epping Forest on Easter Monday is supposed to be the most striking and superb chase in Europe. To this the author probably alludes.

† The author is here philanthropically amiable; and if the restoring a long lost husband to the arms of his spouse, has any claim to public reward, we should not grudge it a moment to his white wig, whilst we are lavishly bestowing it on useless quackeries.

E

I never

I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig, it is insupportable; and in truth, a most puerile ornament for the head of a sober man. In windy weather you are blinded with it; and the ingenious artist I have employed to decorate this work with his designs, has very forcibly portrayed the inconvenience, and even danger of a hat of this sort, to a man of business. \*By a man of business is not meant a Lord of the Treasury, or a Commissioner of Accounts, but what is called on the road, a rider, a bag-man or bagster.

A cock'd hat, besides this advantage over its competitor, and the dignity it gives to the most unhappy countenance, has so many others, that it is wonderful to me, it is not universally worn, but more particularly by equestrians. If in

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\* Would it be a very bold assertion to hazard, that, by a Lord of the Treasury, or a Commissioner of Accounts, is not meant a *Man of Business*? perhaps not.



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windy weather, you are blinded, in rainy, you are deluged by a round hat; whereas one properly cock'd, will retain the water till you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head (which riding might have heated) agreeably cool; having much the same effect on it, that a pan of water has upon a flower pot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let your boots be somewhat short, and the knees of your breeches but just reach the joint, so that the flap of your saddle (and observe a single flapped saddle is the genteelest) may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of the boot and breeches, by which means, you will be satisfied that your leg is in a proper position.

\* \* \* \* \*

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Much of the author's friendly advice, as to  
dress,

dress, is wanting; but the editor recollects he was a warm advocate for the riding in black plush breeches in summer: and ever recommended a coat of pompadour, or some conspicuous colour, for the same obvious reason, that he thought a large wig of such moment.

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You may wear spurs, if you are not afraid; and the exercising them a good deal, will keep your blood in proper circulation, and prevent your toes from being cold.

Be very careful to spur your horse in the shoulders only; there he has most feeling, because he has most veins; besides, by spurring at his body, five times in six, your labour is lost; if you are a short man, you spur the saddle cloth; if you are leggy you never touch him at all; and if middling, you only wear out your own girths, without your horse being a bit the better for it.

Elegance

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Elegance of position is to be considered as particularly essential to every gentleman that appears on horseback in publick. And I shall endeavour to point out, what most immediately constitutes it.

The mode of leaning the body pretty forward over the pommel of the saddle, in a walk or a trot, has been too little in practice of late years, and it is high time it should be revived. There is an appearance of airiness in it, that embellishes the figure of a rider very much indeed; particularly if he be mounted on a long back'd horse, who throws his saddle well forward, and is unencumber'd with a crupper: here he exhibits an elegant picture of careless indifference, and seems, contemptuously, to leave all the world behind him.

By the bye, I have observed many a worthy citizen sent on a Sunday into Hyde Park, crupper'd up as tight as need be: but be very shy of a crupper, gentle reader, if your horse

F naturally

naturally throws his saddle forward. It will certainly make his tail sore, set him a kicking, and very likely bring you into trouble. *Experto crede.*

If then, you bend your body well forward, your rump sticking properly out behind, with your legs projected, I shall have hopes of you; you cannot I think fail of soon equalling my most sanguine expectations; and, after having attained this excellence (an excellence, let me tell you, arrived at but by few, and those men of the first knowledge and science, such as the Fellows of Colleges, the Livery-men of London, or, perhaps the crew of a man of war) I would advise you, without delay, to attempt another step towards equestrian perfection; that is, on riding either eastward or westward, to make your toes point due north and south, or vice versa.

Thus your spurs may be brought into play, with little or no exertion; and thus, in turning  
sharp

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sharp round a post, your horse may be prevented from hurting himself by running against it\*.

The standing up in your stirrups, whilst trotting, in the above position, has a most elegant and genteel effect; and I would have you make an essay to accomplish it, no doubt you will succeed, if you have the genius I take you to have.

A horse has various methods of getting rid of his man; at present, I will only advert to one. If your horse tumbles down with you, he will sometimes get up again, and should you not do the same in concert with him, and your foot remain in the stirrup, he may probably extend your airing whilst you remain in that awkward position; and however desirous you may be to remain behind, on you must go, during his pleasure. Now, of all the ways of conveyance that I have had a taste of, this is the least agreeable; if it should be the same to

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\* More Philanthropy.

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you, provide yourself with a pair of patent stirrups; with them, your attachment to your horse may be as short as you please; they have done wonders; can I say more? I am happy in being able to bear testimony of their astonishing efficacy in the case of a friend of mine, the Rev. Mr. C—, A. M. when of Pembroke College, Cambridge; by transcribing his own words at the conclusion of an advertisement he inserted in all the papers, addressed to the patentee. Having purchased a pair of his stirrups, and falling, one afternoon, as he was accustomed, from his horse, he says, “but thanks to providence, and your noble invention, *my leg* and *your stirrup* coming off at the same instant, I escaped unhurt.” To what a pitch of perfection is human ingenuity arrived!

\* \* \* \* \*

The being able to guide a horse, is a matter of some moment on the road, though it may not be so any where else; and I would advise  
you







you always to ride with a lash whip; it shews the sportsman, and will assist you much in your steerage. If your horse bears too much to the right, of course you drop the reins entirely on that side, and pull them up sharp, with both hands, on the other; but if that does not answer, you must refer to your whip, and a good smart cut over his right cheek and eye, will soon set him straight again. This is the mode you will see adopted by every judicious pig-driver\*, and I am told, that a pig is esteemed, by judges, to be far more averse to direct progression than a horse.

Lucan informs us, that the Massilians† rode  
without

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\* A very in-judicious remark this; were a Pig to be driven in a hard and sharp, or a Weymouth, and a horse in a packthread tied to his hind leg, it is a matter of doubt with me, whether the latter would drive so handy as the former. As pigs now can play at cards as well as horses, I think it is but fair to suppose them capable of dancing a minuet with equal activity and grace; whatever Mr. Astley may alledge to the contrary. The author is very hard upon pigs.

† Our author seems fond of a bit of foreign language, his Latin, I suppose, he was supplied with by the parson of the parish; his French,

without bridles, and guided their horses with a switch :

“ Et gens quæ nudo residens Massilia dorso”

“ Ora levî flectit, frœnorum nescia virga.”

LUC.

“ Without a bridle on the bare back,”

“ Make with a stick their horse or mare  
tack.”

Virgil says the same of the Numidians:

“ Et Numidæ infreni cingunt.”

ÆN. 4

“ See Numidians, on horses unbridled ap-  
proach.”

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I know, he got from his father's journeyman, who (according to the old man's own phrase) was taught to *dislocate* coats at Paris. The Mas-silians are here lugged in, for the sake of the Latin verses, or to cry down the use of bridles; but as I am one of those gentlemen, who had rather ride *with* a bridle, than *without* one; and as he must ransack the blackguard classicks for scraps of quotations, I will meet him, and as Sir Sampson Legend says in the play, “ Try whether my blackguard or his shall get the better of the day.”

“ Equi sine frœnis, deformis ipse cursus rigidâ cervice, et extento capite, currentium.”—LIVY, B. 7.

Good

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Good riding this; but as to the switch, I'll maintain it that a whole or a half hunter\* would be more efficacious; and as to the riding, good as it is, if Julius Cæsar did not cut out both Massilians and Numidians I'll be d—d†; and the reader will agree with me, when I produce my authority for his horsemanship, which is no less a character than Montaigne.

“On dit de Cæsar, qu'en sa jeunesse, monte a dos sur un cheval et sans bride, il lui faisoit prendre carriere les mains tournees derniere le dos‡.”

It is extremely wrong to put a gentleman on a restive horse||, when he is going out on busi-

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\* Whips, so denominated.

† Hey day! a new method this of laying down the law. If you go on thus, Mr. Author, the law will take you up in return; and it will cost you some shillings before you come to the end of your book.

‡ “It is said of Cæsar, that in his youth, being mounted on a horse's bare back, and without a bridle, he could make him perform his paces with his hands behind him.”—MONTAIGNE.

|| A strange epithet this, and I wonder who coined it; tell me of a rusty horse, and I shall know what it means, for I know what rusty locks are, and rusty weathercocks.

ness, or invited to dinner in the neighbourhood. In the first instance, if a man is not punctual, his credit is lowered; and making an apology for his horse will seldom be admitted; nor will any one make allowances for a guest, if his horse has stopt and turned round five thousand times with him, in five hundred yards, should the turtle be spoiled or the venison over-roasted.

In such cases, gentle reader, I should dismount and walk; but if you are averse to that, and you find that the beast will not go forward, let him have his whim, and go backwards, only take care to point his head the wrong way\*, he will carry you pleasant enough so; but you must keep your own head well employed over both shoulders, or it may not answer at last.

Be provided with a horse block, it is a fine assistant in mounting, and I am amazed any

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\* I clearly see the author's meaning here: if he travels backwards, and the nag's head was the *right* way, he would never get his dinner, and it must be *wrong* not to go when invited.—Recte Domine.

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gentleman should be without one. The only danger I know attending it, is, that in your eagerness to mount, you may, by over-exerting yourself, lose your equipoise, and pitch upon your head on the off side of your horse. This has frequently happened to a friend of mine; but if you are cool and temperate, you will take your seat with ease and convenience. By mounting thus, you avoid all danger of being kicked, or bit which is more likely: as if you are a short man, by stretching out your toe, to get it sufficiently into the stirrup, you are very apt to tickle your horse under the elbow, and he will then infallibly attack you in the rear with his teeth. Besides the manifest advantage in a horseblock, it is a pretty airy ornament to the front of a house, and moreover, shews that the master of it, is a horseman; which, let me tell you, every man that lives by the road side is not. A horse is sometimes shy of these blocks, if yours should be so, talk to him a little, scratch his nose, and

use some gentle endearing method or other; and, I believe, the best of all is, to bid your foot boy, who leads him up to it, give him two or three smart kicks in the belly on the off side.

You are now mounted, and no doubt, anxious to set off: here then, observe my advice.

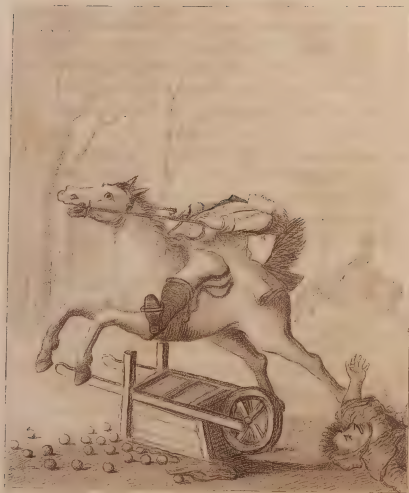
Before ever your horse gets into motion, clap both your spurs into him pretty sharp: this will set him agoing for the whole day, and shew him you have spurs on, which, if he did not know, he might incline to be idle. I do not think there can be a more approved mode of setting off, than this is, but I must caution you, that the surprize will generally cause your horse to break wind, and with a pretty smart explosion too\*: Let not this ruffle you†; many a worthy

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\* Indecent in a high degree.

† This is the second time the Author talks of a *worthy* man: possibly he means a man worth a good deal of money, alluding to our cockneys. But he should be more explicit when he treats on so serious a subject. Worthy, or unworthy, a man should not lose his life for a sore tail or a f—t.







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man has lost his seat by so sudden an alarm: but use will soon reconcile you to it, as it does the rising of a covey of birds to a young sportsman. Thus, then, you go off with eclat, provided nothing is in your horse's way, and if there is, you have put him so on his mettle, he will probably leap over it. Indeed, it is far from improbable, that he may run away with you, but if he does, you will make a most spirited appearance, as my ingenious elucidator shews you in the annexed plate.

When a man is once well run away with, the first thing that occurs to him, I imagine, is how to stop his horse; but men by no means agree in their modes of bringing this matter about. Some will run him at a ditch, which I allow to be a promising experiment, if he leaps ill, or not at all. Frenchmen, (and the French are excellent horsemen) will ride against one another; no bad way either: and I have seen riders make directly for a stable (if a door happens to be open) and with good effect. How  
Julius

Julius Cæsar stopped his horse, when he rode with his hands behind him, I am at a loss to divine.

I remember seeing an ingenious Frenchman make four experiments upon Newmarket Heath, in only one of which he succeeded. His horse made away with him whilst Gimcrack was running a match, and the Count's hopes of stopping him being but small, he contrived to turn him across the course, and rode slap-dash at Gimcrack, hoping to effect it by a broadside; but he was too quick for him, and he missed his aim. He then made full at Lord March, but unluckily only took him slanting: baffled in this second attempt, he relied on the Devil's ditch, as a certain check to his career; but his horse carried him clean over, safe and well: and had not the rubbing-house presented itself to his view, he assured me, he believed he should have soon reached London; dashing at this, with a true French spirit, he produced the desired effect; his horse, not being able to proceed,





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ceed, stopped, and that so suddenly, that the Earl of Pembroke himself would have been dislodged, and old Newcastle lain with his mother Earth. The Count, it is true, came off, but tolerably well; the horse broke his head, and the Count likewise; so that according to the ancient opinion of two negatives making an affirmative, little or no harm was done.

Having said thus much on the subject of being run away with, it is necessary I should decide, for the benefit of my readers, on the means I most approve of for putting a stop to such doings; and I am clearly for the stable door; if, entering it full speed, you should be afraid of your head, spread out your legs sufficiently, and your horse will go in without you.

\* \* \* \* \*

In riding the road, observe in passing a whisky, a phaeton, or a stage coach, in short

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any

any carriage where the driver sits on the right hand, to pass it on that side, he may not see you on the other, and though you may meet with a lash in the eye, what is the loss of an eye to a leg or perhaps neck.

Should a man on horseback be on the road, and leading another horse, always dash by the led one, you might otherwise set the man's horse capering, and perhaps throw him off; and you can get but a kick or two by observing my instructions.

Take care never to throw your horse down, it is an unlucky trick and fit only for boys. Many gentlemen of my acquaintance, and I too, have been thrown down by our horses; yet I scarce know an instance upon record of a gentleman throwing his horse down; but many have complained to me of their servants doing it for them.

In passing a waggon or any tremendous equipage, should it run pretty near a bank,  
and







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and there be but a ditch, and an open country in the other side, if you are on business and in a hurry, dash up the bank without hesitation; for should you take the other side, and your horse shy at the carriage, you may be carried many hundred yards out of your road; whereas by a little effort of courage, you need only graze the wheel, fly up the bank, and by slipping or tumbling down into the road again, go little or nothing out of your way.

I have given you the above hints, supposing you are now at home enough on horseback, to ride out alone, and may possibly be tempted to travel the road; as either the lucre of gain, or *the universal passion*, as a celebrated author calls the love of Fame, may send you forth.

Let me entreat you to examine your tackling well at setting out, particularly from an inn, and after dinner: see that your girths are tight; many a good fall have I got by not attending to this. Hostlers are too apt to be  
careless,

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careless, and ought never to be paid till we see them the next time\*. An instance of a singular nature occurred at Huntingdon a few years since to the Rev. D. B. of Jesus College in Cambridge; which has given a discovery to the world (productive indeed of a paper war) but which may turn out beneficial to mankind, as it proves 3 to be equal to 4. The Doctor dined at the Crown, it was dusk when he set

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\* A learned dancing master in the university of Oxford, who taught politeness also, and published a book upon that subject, fixed the same period for passing a stile, in some cases, that is here judiciously recommended for the payment of an hostler: his precept was, that a well bred man meeting another, on the opposite side of a stile, ought on no account to be persuaded to go over first. The name of this ingenious author was Towle. Had two zealous pupils of his school met each other at a stile, it is supposed they must have concluded their lives on the premises. Unless the author had subjoined to his work that useful calendar, in which, as the poet conjectures, such periods are ascertained.

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To-morrow—

It is a Period no where to be found,  
In all the hoary registers of Time:  
Except perchance in the Fool's Calendar.

It is a pity that so desirable an addition has been omitted by the Author of this treatise also.

out





One by Long 22.10.

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out northwards: I myself saw 3s. charged in his bill for wine; this accounts for his want of observation; for the hostler's, I must attribute it to his having been paid beforehand. The Doctor went off at a spurt, pretty much in the manner I have recommended, and having got clear of the pavement, wished to (what is called) mend his pace; but his horse was obdurate, and all his influence could not prevail. The Doctor fancied, at times, he went oddly, and therefore brought to at Alconbury, five miles from Huntingdon, and alighted for an examination: when he discovered that the hostler, through inattention, had buckled up one of the horse's hind legs in the surcingle: and to this alone he had to attribute his hobbling way of going.

There was an \* hostler at Barnet, who was a moralist; possibly this at Huntingdon was an experimental philosopher, and thought an old member of the University the properest sub-

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\* James Ripley, many years, and till very lately, hostler at the Red Lion, published a Volume of Letters.

ject to put his experiment in execution. It certainly answered, as far as five miles; but how it would succeed in bringing horses of different forms together over Newmarket, I am not competent to determine. It seems as if one might work a lame horse thus, and keep his unsound leg quiet. If this experiment has been repeated, it has been in private, for I have not heard of it; and I much question if it would ever be generally adopted; when I say *generally*, no reflection upon General officers. A timid Major however, might keep his horse in due subjection on a review day, by this method.

\* \* \* \* \*

If I have much varied from the instructions laid down by my fellow countrymen in the art of horsemanship, it is possibly in my recommending the shoulder as the proper place to apply the spurs to. In this I am supported by no less a man than Virgil; and your Romans excelled as much in riding as they did in fighting. Virgil was an eye witness, and could not  
err,







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err, and a man of veracity, and would not lye: he tells us the exact seat of a Roman Dragoon, and very similar it is to that of our own heavy Dragoons.

“*Seu spumantis equi, foderet calcaribus armos.*”

Find me a Schoolmaster hardened enough to deny that *armos* signifies the shoulders, and nothing else! Had the Duke of Newcastle or Mr. Angelo understood a word of Latin, they could not have lived so long in error; and persevered in prescribing a seat on horseback so uncertain and ticklish as they have done.

The publication of this work, however, will doubtless have its effect; nor do I much despair of finding many judges (of riding I mean) coalesce in sentiment with me; or of the seat I recommend, being pretty universally adopted. For as the Poet says, (I forget where I have met with the line) “*Series aut citius sedem properamus ad unam\**.”

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\* Very indelicate indeed this quotation.

I flatter myself with the hope, of still seeing in  
Hyde Park a grand display of my system of  
equistation; and not a Sunday slide by, with-  
out beholding some promising eleve

————— Fearful to be late,  
Scour the new road, and dash thro' Grosvenor  
Gate;

Anxious and fearful too his steed to shew,  
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten Row;  
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,  
Woo's the strange glance of ladies passing by;  
Whilst his left heel, insidiously aside,  
Provokes the caper that he seems to chide.

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

The Editor is extremely sorry to inform the  
reader, that not a line more was found upon the  
monstrous Craws; but he hopes his friend's  
abilities appear sufficiently conspicuous, by  
what remains of this instructive work.

THE END.





THE DEFEAT OF GEOFFREY GAMBADO.  
*Capital Picture by Young TITAN, painted by order of the King.*



ANNALS  
OF  
*HORSEMANSHIP:*

CONTAINING ACCOUNTS OF  
ACCIDENTAL EXPERIMENTS,  
AND  
EXPERIMENTAL ACCIDENTS,  
BOTH SUCCESSFUL AND UNSUCCESSFUL:  
COMMUNICATED BY VARIOUS CORRESPONDENTS

TO  
*GEOFFREY GAMBADO, Esq.*

AUTHOR OF THE ACADEMY FOR GROWN HORSEMEN;

TOGETHER WITH  
MOST INSTRUCTIVE REMARKS THEREON, AND ANSWERS  
THERE TO, BY THAT ACCOMPLISHED GENIUS.

AND NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,

BY THE EDITOR OF THE ACADEMY FOR  
GROWN HORSEMEN.

---

ILLUSTRATED WITH CUTS BY THE MOST  
EMINENT ARTISTS.

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LONDON:

PRINTED BY W. NICHOLSON, WARNER STREET,  
FOR W. BAYNES, 54, PATERNOSTER ROW.

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1808.



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THE  
*EDITOR to the READER.*

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THE Public is in high luck to obtain any thing more that comes from the pen of Geoffrey Gambado. A former publication has nearly immortalized him, and I trust the present will do it completely. It is true this work is chiefly composed of Letters addrest to him, but his remarks and replies are added to them; and had it not been for Geoffrey, such letters had never made their appearance; perhaps never been written. What had been such a loss to the community! I will venture to affirm that few, very few, have heard of such extraordinary cases, such novel ideas, and such obvious and salutary advice as are contained  
in

in the following pages. Were I to mention the odd place in which I found the MSS. copy of this work, it might create laughter—

“ A passion hateful to my purposes:”

For having the safety of man's neck in my eye at this present writing, I think it no laughing matter; and shall therefore deem it sufficient to say, I have found it, and have now the satisfaction of laying it before the world.

A paltry publication has lately made its appearance, on the same construction as this. It is a periodical thing, entitled *The Annals of Agriculture*, and will, I dare say, be of much use in the chandlers shops. This too, like Geoffrey's edifying collection of letters, treats on propagation, cultivation, preservation, the good of the nation, &c. &c. But when we once consider for a moment the different objects the authors claim our attention in behalf of—Should even a potatoe enter  
the



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the lists with a poney, my blood rises—my choler is excited.

Talk of propagation! Would the blockheads have us hesitate between a horse chesnut, and a chesnut horse! Common sense forbids it (particularly as it is to be the fashionable colour in harness this time five years); and as for preservation—Which should humanity first extend her arm to save? A cabbage or a cockney—A captain or a cauliflower? For these reasons I lament seeing, monthly, the names of several respectable friends of mine, affixed to a work of such subordinate consideration. Had they spent as much time in riding upon turnips, as they have in writing upon them, they might ere now have belonged to the first hunts in the country, and most fashionable clubs in town. But I fear the silk purse and the sows ear are but too applicable to most of them.

In the ladies, however, Geoffrey will un-

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doubtedly

doubtedly find warm advocates. Those lovely creatures, who delight so much in the propagation of their own beautiful species, will ever support the Animal System in preference to the Vegetable; nor waste their precious time and consideration on a carrot, which may be so much better employed in furnishing a cradle.

And whilst the frantic farmers that furnish their stuff for the Annals of Agriculture, shall be puzzling their brains to preserve a ragged flock of sheep from the rot, the fair sex shall be more nobly employed in the preservation of beauty, and what is more puzzling, though we daily see it attempted—the preservation of even The Human Face Divine, itself.

Emboldened by these considerations, that the Annals of Horsemanship will speedily drive the Annals of Agriculture out of the house of every man and woman of taste and feeling, I do not hesitate to foresee. From his answers to some of the following letters it appears,

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pears, that Mr. Gambado was somewhat irritable, as in a postscript, page 7, he rather snubs his correspondent for asking his advice. It should likewise seem that he was at this time rather short of cash, for he appears to have given advice for a fee; and once, if I recollect, treats of bad shillings. This, indeed, might a little sour his natural disposition, which I have reason to believe, from his physiognomy, was placid and amiable. I am told he seldom rode himself; and the only time he went six miles on horseback, he wore a pair of Diaculum drawers. That such an author should be no rider may appear marvellous at first, but, on reflection, we must acknowledge that we daily find people speaking and writing on what they know nothing at all about. Herein Geoffrey exceeds all I ever heard of: for such a book of knowledge as his Academy for Grown Horsemen, never yet made an appearance in the world.

The

The Editor, therefore, of The Academy for Grown Horsemen has now to congratulate the public on the discovery of another work from the pen of the much-admired Geoffrey Gambado; a work that contains some of the most useful and extraordinary experiments, perhaps, ever made in Horsemanship: several curious customs and opinions of ingenious gentlemen, little known to the world, and some collected from very choice, but remote publications; together with (what will be no doubt esteemed invaluable), Geoffrey's most ingenious suggestions, and prescriptions towards the removal of every difficulty and danger incidental to that most noble art: his answers to some queries put to him, and his criticisms on others that were un-answerable.

By the putting forth of this work the public must be let into much useful knowledge. The many practical attempts and achievements herein recorded prove, beyond a doubt, that

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that such things have been; and having been, that in all probability such things are. And even those experiments that have not been attended, hitherto, with perfect success, may yet, like balloons, turn out to the most valuable account, when taken into hand by more skilful philosophers. The Editor here begs leave to remark, that the Diaculum Drawers abovementioned, are the only fabrics of the kind he ever heard of, and verily believes they are hitherto non-descript. He has some reason to think they are yet extant (and should they be, they are worthy the search of the Dilettanti); for a sort of flannel breeches, apparently prepared in the same manner, but much damaged by time, &c. were last week offered to the Leverian Museum, but are said, for delicate reasons, to have been rejected by the proprietor as unfit for exhibition. What false delicacy! when the man pesters us every day with a non-descript in the papers; some old

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stinking fish, that never could be of service to man, woman, or beast! whereas the drawers, like the North-west passage, if they could be once discovered, might prove hereafter of the greatest fundamental consequence to mankind at large, the Venetians only excepted.

THE EDITOR.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

*IT* clearly appears from the *Preface* to the following *Work*, that it was compiled prior to Mr. Gambado's appointment of Master of the Horse to the Doge of Venice; for it seems he had never at that time been above six miles from home.

To most of the *Plates* the *Editor* has thought fit to subjoin *Latin* mottos, as an elucidation of them to such of his *Readers* as do not understand *English*; and such he may perhaps meet with.









*World, in a single Male. Source found in History*

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# GEOFFREY GAMBADO

## TO THE READER.

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I FLATTER myself the following compilation will not prove unwelcome to the Public; it blends information with amusement, and confirms how general is the thirst for knowledge in the present times, which is not to be idly checked by the loss of a limb or a life. The adventurers of this age are divided into two classes—*per mare*, *per terras*—of which latter description are my correspondents. Those of the former, fancy they discover much, by being at sea for months together without sight of land—by the wanting wine and water, and getting neither—but at length espying something like an island unknown;

known; it is perhaps more like an owzle than any one laid down in the charts. They do actually discover, however, that the natives will not let them go ashore, and that they must return as wise as they came. They discover that they have little left to eat, and less to drink; that they must live by sucking each others shirts for half a year, arrive miraculously at home, and write a book about it.

My Correspondents are of a different stamp; they discover that there is much left unfound out at home, and seem to be meritoriously employed in consequence. Going abroad, with them, I take to be only going out of the house and seeing the world, a laudable ride of a dozen miles. This opinion of seeing the world tempts me to digress a little. My apothecary, a man of knowledge and judgment, but who, no more than myself, had ever been above six miles from home, being  
obliged

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obliged to visit a patient at the distance of twenty, actually returned in amazement, and assured me, he could not have thought the world was so big. These were his very words—and was not it mighty natural?

To shew how much of the natural he had in him, I cannot refrain from adding, that, having passed a turnpike or two, for the first time, in this excursion, he was in raptures at the piety of the people thereabouts; for he told me, that they had the Belief and the Ten Commandments painted upon blue boards at every gate—though he passed through and could not read them, having left his spectacles at home.

Pardon, gentle Reader, this digression, which has informed you of an anecdote rather extraordinary. If you do not believe it, and should find out the subject, who was himself the narrator; don't venture to tell him so—He is a passionate man, rather inclined to let blood,  
and

and may perhaps, if you commit yourself to him, put you to death.

To return to business—The letters I have received have required a clever arrangement; and I thought it better to add my answers, or remarks, immediately to each, than to huddle the letters into one part and the answers into a second. Cuts were also thought necessary towards the clearing up of some of the most blind descriptions of awkward situations and queer accidents which, I confess, are, here and there, but lamely made out by the writers. I wish my delineator may have succeeded in those I set him to. Several I have received, inclosed in letters from the sufferers, or experimental philosophers themselves, many of which are frightfully descriptive.

I request my Readers will be more attentive to what is contained in the following pages, than they were to my History of Cruppers, this being of a much more serious tendency—  
and

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and a publication that for its salutary or wholesome advice ought to be printed for brass\*. Some of the letters, indeed, border on frivolity, and some even on folly; but as they may divert, though they will not instruct, I shall not omit them; for bread, though tasteless, makes a savory dish go down the better. And that this book may go down, I mean with the Town, now, and to Posterity by and by, when it has served its time and my turn here (for I expect some fame from it), is the very earnest wish of, courteous Reader, your very faithful humble Servant,

G. GAMBADO.

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\* Lest the Printer should forget his *erratum*, I must suggest, that Mr. G. could never mean FOR but IN brass.

Mr. G. mentions his History of Cruppers—a work new to my ears—but I shall be diligent in my search after it.









DOCTOR CASSOCK F.R.S. T.R.Q. e of the nobl

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## *LETTER THE FIRST.*

MR. GAMBADO!

I RETURN you my most hearty thanks for the very salutary advice you sent me last month, from which I have derived much improvement, and should have acknowledged sooner, had I made sufficient trial of the fine machine you recommended in such warm terms. My Hobby, as I told you before, is an admirable animal, and finely calculated for a pensive man, like myself, to take the air upon. It was a pity he was so prone to tumble, and that too, in stony roads the most; for he was otherwise bordering on perfection. So I sent for a carpenter, on the receipt of your recipe, and had a large Puzzle of Oak made for him, after the pattern of  
those

those worn by the Squire's Pointers; and I have found it answer prodigiously.

I have had nothing like a bad fall lately, except one day in cantering over a ploughed field, where, upon a blunder, the machine entered the ground with such force as to introduce a portion of the Hobby's head along with it. We came clean over, and for some time I thought my Hobby's neck was broke. I did not mind it myself, but I shall take care in future always to gallop on the hard road, and then such another catastrophe cannot ensue.

I am, Sir,

Your very obsequious humble Servant,

CALEB CASSOCK.

EYE, SUFFOLK.

P. S. I forgot to tell you my Parishioners stare at me a good deal. The machine has an odd appearance, I own; but not altogether unpicturesque. I got the Drawing-master of Mr. Birch's school to send you a sketch of me.

It

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It is esteemed a likeness. That of the Hobby is rather flattering.

I have sent you also a sketch of my Puzzle for Dog and Horse, and a scheme for puzzling a Christian.

C. C.

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### MY REMARKS.

I am happy to find the Puzzle has answered so well; and I doubt not, now it has been tried and approved by such a right-headed, Reverend Gentleman, one who is also so good a horseman, and understands all the matter so well, that, by producing his name, I shall be able to get a patent for it, which cannot but prove very lucrative; for who has the horse that he will swear will never tumble down?

This I believe would be a question that would pose (upon oath) every man on horseback in Hyde Park on a Sunday.

Though Dr. Shaw himself, who is a great traveller indeed, has the modesty to assure us, that the Barbary horses never lie down; yet even he has not the effrontery to say that they never tumble down!

I received the sketches of the Puzzles for Dogs and Horses; and hold it fit an etching should be made of them, for the information of those who never saw such machines.

The schemes for puzzling Christians, I suppose, dropt out of the letter, for I never got it. There are, however, so many schemes of that sort already about town, that it is no loss, I dare say.

G. G.

My Correspondent, I believe, did not dislike sitting for his picture—there appears such an amiable smirk in his countenance, and he says too it is esteemed a likeness.

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*Note to Letter the First.*

Although this Puzzle for a Christian, as he calls it, was dropt, I can conceive its being of use, if put upon one of those long story-tellers who catch hold of your button, and thrust their nose and mouth in your face, when perhaps it is highly necessary to keep them at arms length. In the adjoining Plate, therefore, are delineated not only the Canini and Equestrian, but also the Christian Puzzle.







*LETTER THE SECOND.*

SIR,

YOUR fame having reached us here, I set down with pleasure to write to a man who I am certain will have an equal pleasure in satisfying the doubts that now occupy my mind. I would proceed and state every difficulty I find in the treatment and guidance of a horse, to which animal I confess I am rather an alien, although I have happily attained (yesterday it was) my thirty-fifth year. I was bred to a business that debarred me from an amusement for which I seem formed by nature, being, Sir, very short in the fork, and what our wits call duck legged, and all my weight lying atop: and it was not till I emerged, as I may say, from the counting house,

house, that I could make a trial of my abilities as a horseman. I really think I am going on well, that I am in a state of daily amendment and progressive improvement. The questions I have to put to you Sir are so short and simple that I will not divert your attention from them a bit longer, but put them down as they arise—they require nothing but an answer.

### QUERIES.

1. What part of my horse must I lay hold of to help me up, for his mane is cut off?
2. If he will turn to the left when I want to go to the right, how can I help it?
3. If he slips his girths, and the crupper is of no use, what will supply its place?
4. Should he tumble down by day-light, whether you think he would in the dark?
5. What a breast-plate is? We have heard of it here, but our Sadler does not know how to make one. The Adjutant of the Militia says it is a sort of armour, to prevent the horse hurting himself by running against a waggon or a wall. But I say it can't be; because the horse's head should

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should be armed, as that would hit the wall first, and prevent his breast receiving any damage. Pray solve this by return of post, as many bets are depending on it at our next Club.

6. How can I keep a horse cheap?

7. What is my best way to sell a bad horse, if I don't like him?

These are a few of the trifling questions I shall beg leave to trouble you with from time to time: and as it will be extremely easy, and, I dare say, agreeable to you, to answer them, I shall make no apology but with my assurance that I am, Sir,

Your devoted and very humble Servant,

SAMUEL FILLAGREE.

*G. Gambado, Esq.*

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This fellow, with his assurance, appeared to be such a puppy, I could not answer him for some months; indeed his queries rather posed me; but his fees came in fast, and I was fain to solve them as well as I could.

The first I left to his better judgment, only suggesting that the ear of the horse and the pommel of the saddle

were all that offered themselves in lieu of a mane, if his horse had none.

The second I could not assist him in.

The folly of the third raised my choler, and involving with it the fifth, I had not patience to enter on either of them: so I fear the betts at the Club are not yet decided.

The fourth and sixth were extremely easy to be answered; I never met with two queries more so. But the seventh, skilful as I am, I confess I could not reply to, to my Correspondent's satisfaction: and I shall be much bound to any of my Readers, who will tell me, how the business therein stated is to be brought about; being ever open to conviction, and not yet too old to learn.

G. G.

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### *LETTER THE THIRD.*

From a Half-way House between CAMBRIDGE and NEWMARKET.

SIR,

MARCH 26, 1789.

HAVING long been earnestly engaged in the study of mathematical science, and being fond of riding, two pursuits usually thought incompatible, I have been enabled, by means of this singular union, to strike out some important discoveries in both branches. The  
mathematical

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mathematical improvements in riding will, I hope, deserve a place in the Annals of Horsemanship: my equestrian discoveries in mathematics you must permit me to reserve for the Ladies Diary.

My love for equestrian agitation is, I believe, more general than that of any other person; for whatever satisfaction may be usually experienced by riders while they continue on the backs of their horses, I have never yet met with or been informed of one, who received any sensible delight from the circumstance of being violently projected from the saddle. But here, Sir, from my passionate fondness for the mathematics, I enjoy a manifest advantage. From the concussions, repercussions, and every other kind of compound motion which can be generated consistently with the due support of the centre of gravity, I enjoy, I will venture to say, at least as much satisfaction as any other rider: and at the time of being thrown off, or, in more proper language,

guage, projected from the horse, I experience a peculiar delight in recollecting that, by the universal laws of projectiles, I must, in my flight through the air, describe that beautiful conic section, a parabola.

After some accidents of this nature, I have been fortunate enough, notwithstanding the violent re-action of the ground in consequence of the strong action of my skull against it, to preserve my sense sufficiently to be able to ascertain the curve so generated by my body to describe it on paper, and demonstrate its peculiar properties: and am not without hope, if I can meet with horses not too sure-footed, by frequent experiments, to determine what kind of parabola it is safest to describe; which problem will, I apprehend, be found very serviceable in practice, at the City Hunt in Easter week, and during the celebration of Epsom races.

Not long ago, by a particular convulsion of the animal from which I was so fortunate as to fall, I was very irregularly thrown to the earth,  
but

but had the satisfaction afterwards to discover that the curve described in my fall was a segment of a very eccentric ellipse, of which the saddle was one focus; and that it was nearly, if not exactly, the same with the path of the comet now expected to return. And once, by a succussion still more anomalous, I was happy enough to describe a new curve, which I found to possess some very amazing properties; and I hope effectually to immortalize my own name, by calling it *Angle's first Hippopiptic* \* curve.

The first equestrian problem that I ever set myself to discover was this; "When by pulling the reins you prevent a horse from falling, where is the fulcrum or prop?—and how is the horse's centre of gravity prevented from being thrown beyond the base of his legs?" I will not trouble you now with the particulars

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\* *Hippopiptic* expresses the mode of the curve's generation in falling from a horse:—from *Hippos*, a horse, and *pipto*, to fall. I call it *first*, because I hope by the same means to discover more hereafter.

of this difficult investigation; but shall only say, that it turned out greatly to the honour of demipique saddles; which, accordingly, in the Mathematical Elements of Riding, that I mean hereafter to publish, I shall recommend very strongly in a Corollary.

A learned Student in Mathematics has long published his ability and desire to construct breeches upon geometrical principles\*.

Mr. Nunn is certainly ingenious, and his breeches, a few salient angles excepted, admirable; but the artist who should make bridles, saddles, and other equestrian paraphernalia, by the rules of pure mathematics, would render a much more praise-worthy service to the Public. For if the flimsy leather of breeches require

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\* Mr. Nunn's advertisement is as follows:

“BREECHES-MAKING improved by GEOMETRY.”

“Thomas Nunn, Breeches-maker, No. 29, Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, has invented a system on a mathematical principle, by which difficulties are solved, and errors corrected: its usefulness for ease and neatness in fitting, is incomparable, and is the only perfect rule for that work ever discovered. Several hundreds (noblemen, gentlemen, and others) who have had proof of its utility, allow it to excel all they ever made trial of.”



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geometrical cutting, how much more necessary must it be to the tough hide which forms the bridle? and to what purpose will the geometry in the breeches operate, if the saddle, by which they are to be supported, and whose superficies they are to touch in as many points as possible, be formed ungeometrically? But I forbear to expatiate on a matter as plain as an axiom of Euclid; trusting that whoever can perceive the utility of geometrical breeches, will readily argue, *a fortiori*, to the absolute necessity of geometrical saddles and bridles.

Pursuing my principles, I have demonstrated what is the right line to be drawn by the mathematical rider in every difficult situation. In ascending a horse's back, at what angle to extend the moveable leg, while the fixed one is rested in the stirrup: in leaping, how to regulate the oscillation, or balancing, of the body, by attending carefully to that fundamental point which is your centre of motion: in starting, how to dispose of the superfluous

perfluous momentum, and thereby to preserve in full force the attraction of cohesion between rump and saddle: in rearing, at what angle, formed by the horse's back with the plane of the horizon, it is most advisable to slide down over his tail: which, I maintain, is the only expedient that can be practised with a mathematical certainty of being safe: these, and many other important secrets, I am ready, at any time when called upon, to communicate. One I cannot even now withhold, which is this: that there is no good or truly geometrical riding, unless the legs be extended perfectly in straight lines, so as to form tangents to the cylindrical surface of the horse's body: in a word, to resemble, as much as possible, a pair of compasses set astride upon a telescope; which I conceive to be the perfect model of mathematical riding.

But besides this application of pure geometry, it has often struck me, that too little use is made, in riding, of the principles of mixed mathematics.

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mathematics. Consider, Mr. Gambado, the six mechanical powers! the *lever*, the *wheel and axle*, the *pulley*, the *inclined plane*, the *wedge*, and the *screw*; and reflect with what advantage all these may be applied to the uses of Horsemanship. By means of a *lever*, having an elevated fulcrum raised on the pommel of the saddle, an entire stop might be put to the practice of falling; except where the practitioner should voluntarily take a tumble, for the express purpose of studying the Parabola, or Hippopiptic Curve. The *wheel and axle* is already applied in the use of horses, though not in any branch of Horsemanship, except the driving of post-chaises; but is also found so efficacious in preventing falls, that where a horse has been used to that assistance, it is not reckoned safe to ride him without. The application of the *wedge* might, undoubtedly, very materially improve the art of figging. The *screw* might, with advantage, be applied to the direction of the horses head with more exactness,

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actness, and consequently enable the rider to guide his course with mathematical accuracy. The *inclined plane* might happily be introduced to facilitate the backward slide of the rider at the time of rearing, as above mentioned. And a system of *pullies*, in the nature of Mr. Smeaton's, by giving the rider a force equal to the action of many thousand pounds weight, might for ever put an end to the dangerous vice of running away.

By the use of the principles of astronomy, I have invented a mode of taking the exact altitude of any horse, at two observations; and am at present at work on a Hippodrometer\*, to ascertain the velocity of his course in the very act of riding.

But while I boast, and, I trust, with reason, of these discoveries, I must candidly confess that a rigorous attention to theory has sometimes betrayed me into practical errors. When my horse has been pulling earnestly one way,

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\* From *Hippos* a horse, *dromos* a course, and *metrein* to measure.

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my own intention being at the same time to go another, I have pulled strongly at right angles to the line of his course; expecting, from the laws of compound motion, that we should then proceed, neither in the line of his effort nor of my pull, but in an intermediate one, which would be the diagonal of the parallelogram, of which our forces were as the sides; but have always found that this method produced a rotatory instead of a rectilinear motion. When a horse has run away, I have, to avoid the waste of force in my own arms, calculated the necessary diminution of it in his legs; but, unfortunately, estimating it as the squares of the distances multiplied into the times, I was frequently dashed against walls, pitched over gates, and plunged into ponds, before I discovered that it is not as the squares of the times, but merely as the times. I mention these circumstances by way of caution to other theorists; not being at all discouraged myself by such trifling failures, and hoping, by  
your

your assistance, to convince the world that no man can ever become a perfect rider, unless he has first made mathematics his hobby-horse. You will pardon this innocent play of words on a subject so serious, and believe me to be, Sir, with great esteem,

Yours, &c.

HABAKKUK ANGLE.

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*LETTER THE FOURTH.*

*To Mr. G. GAMBADO.*

SIR,

I WANT your advice, and hope you will give it me, concerning a horse I have lately bought, and which does not carry me at all in the same way he did the man I bought him of. Being recommended to a Dealer in Moorfields (who I rather think is no honester than he ought to be), I went to him, and desired to look into his stable, and so he took me in; with a long whip in his hand, which he said was to wake





*How to make the most of a Horse*



wake the horses that might perhaps be asleep, as they were but just arrived from a long journey, coming fresh from the breeders in the North. There were some fine looking geldings, I thought, and I pitched upon one that I thought would suit me; and so he was saddled, and I desired the Dealer to mount him, and he did, and a very fine figure the gelding cut; and so the people in the street said; and a decent man, in a scratch wig, said, the man that rode him knew how to make the most of him; and so I bought him. But he goes in a different manner with me, for instead of his capering like a Trooper, he hangs down his head and tail, and neither whip nor spur can get him out of a snail's gallop. And I want to know whether by law I must keep him, as he is not certainly the horse I took him for; and therefore I ought to have my money again.

The Limner in our lane was with me when I bought him, and has taken a picture of him as he was with the Dealer on his back, and

another as he now goes with me upon his back; by which you will see the difference, and judge better how to advise me upon it.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

TOBIAS HIGGINS.

LAVENDER ROW, SHOREDITCH.

Please to direct to Mr. T. H. Back-maker; or it may go to my Namesake, the Turncock.

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*Reply to Letter the Fourth.*

SIR,

UPON a strict examination of the two pictures by the Limner in your lane, I am clear you are in possession of the identical horse you intended to purchase, although he does not exhibit quite so much agility under you, or make so tearing a figure as when mounted by Mr. — who I am well acquainted with, and who, you may depend upon, is as honest a man as any that deals in horse flesh. You could have no right to return the horse if  
he





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he went no better than one with his legs tied. You stand in the predicament of Lord P—, who gave twenty guineas for Punch, and when he found he could not make him speak, prosecuted the Puppet-shew-man; but my Lord Chief Justice adjudged the man to keep his money, and my Lord, his Punch, although he could not get a word out of him.

My opinion is, Sir, as you ask it: that the decent man in the scratch wig made a very sensible remark, when he observed, that my friend Mr. — knew how to make the most of a horse, and I am satisfied that you, Sir, know with equal facility, how to make the least of one.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

G. GAMBADO.

P. S. I am sorry to add, my Maid tells me, that two shillings out of your five were very bad ones.

*LETTER THE FIFTH.**To G. GAMBADO, Esq.*

SIR,

As I consider you, both from your situation and eminence in the science of Horsemanship, as the superior and patron of all Riding Masters, permit me, an humble member of that honourable profession, to request your countenance in my endeavours to diffuse the noble and useful accomplishment over the whole kingdom.

It is well known that many of his Majesty's faithful subjects, whose occupations oblige them daily to figure as Equestrians; so far from having been instructed in the art of Riding, are totally ignorant that any such art, or rather science, exists. For the benefit of these, I propose publishing a Treatise on Horsemanship, confined to the lower classes of life.

The first part I shall dedicate to the instruction

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tion of that very numerous and brilliant fraternity, called London Riders, or Bagsters; who cut, or rather (as my Lord Chesterfield will have it) make so smart a figure in a country town; for these gentlemen, I propose to point out and demonstrate, from irrefragable principles, the handsomest manner of riding behind their bags, with the genteelest method of rolling, strapping, and carrying their great coats. In a short digression, and a few marginal notes, I intend to drop some hints, instructing butchers in the smartest fashion of carrying a tray, whether loaded or empty.

I shall likewise risque a few thoughts respecting the theory and practice of the art of riding before a lady on a double horse, vulgarly termed *a la gormagon*, with some necessary instructions thereon; a due attention to which matters has more than once transplanted a coachman from his box, or a footman from behind the coach, and placed him in the carriage by the side of his Mistress.

I propose also to devote part of my labours to the service of the fair sex, in composing a set of easy rules for riding gracefully between a pair of panniers, and supporting a butter basket in the most elegant stile; a thorough possession of these attractions may draw the attention of the fox-hunting Squires, and possibly raise the Lady possessing them, to the dignity of Spouse to his Worship the Justice.

That nothing may be wanting, I propose to appropriate a few pages to the art of sitting politely in carriages, with the most becoming attitudes adopted to each vehicle. Among others, the politest manner of airing, *en famille*, in a gig, accompanied with a husband and three children; and, as there is no situation wherein art cannot be advantageously employed, I shall give a few precepts for the most advantageous display of the person on a hay, pea, or dust cart. For the use of both sexes, I had also digested a few hints and directions, pointing out the most solemn and affecting manner



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manner of riding in a cart up Holborn Hill, from Newgate to Tyburn; but the late adoption of the New Drop has made them, in a great measure, useless in London; they may however be serviceable to persons under similar circumstances in country towns. As soon as I have put my work together, I shall beg your opinion of it; being, Sir,

Your humble Admirer,

and most obedient Servant,

JAMES LA CROUPE.

The above Work if well executed, promises to make a very pretty Supplement to mine.

G. GAMBADO.

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### *LETTER THE SIXTH.*

SIR,

BEING informed that you are now at home, and desirous of giving every information in your power to those who may stand in need of it, respecting their Horses, I beg leave to submit my case to you; which, considering  
how

how fond I am of the chace, you must admit to be a lamentable one. Relying however, Sir, as I do, on your Philanthropy (I should more properly say Philippigy), and that zeal in the cause which has so long characterised you, I make no doubt but the small difficulties I now labour under will be soon surmounted.

You must know, Sir, I am very fond of hunting, and live in as fine a scenting country as any in the kingdom. The soil is pretty stiff, the leaps large and frequent, and a great deal of timber to get over. Now, Sir, my brown horse is a very capital hunter; and though he is slow, and I cannot absolutely ride over the hounds (indeed the country is so enclosed, that I do not see so much of them as I could wish), yet, in the end, he generally brings me in before the huntsman goes home with the dogs; so, thus far, I have no reason to complain. Now, Sir, my brown horse is a noble leaper, and never gave me a fall in his life in that way; but he has got an awkward trick (though he clears every  
thing





thing with his fore legs in a capital stile), of leaving the other two on the wrong side of the fence; and if the gate or stile happens to be in a sound state, it is a work of time and trouble to get his hind legs over. He clears a ditch finely indeed, with two feet, but the others constantly fall in; that it gives me a strange pain in my back, very like what is called a Lumbago; and unless you kindly stand my friend, and instruct me how I am to bring these hind legs after me, I fear I shall never get rid of it. If you please, Sir, you may ride him a hunting yourself any day you will please to appoint, and you shall be heartily welcome. You will then be better enabled to give me your advice; you can't have a proper conception of the jerks he will give you, without trying him.

I am, Sir, with due respect,

Your very humble Servant,

NIC. NUTMEG, Clerk.

HINDERCLAY, near BOTESDALE, SUFFOLK.

P. S. I hope what I have enclosed is genteel.

*Mr. Geoffrey Gambado.*

*The ANSWER.*

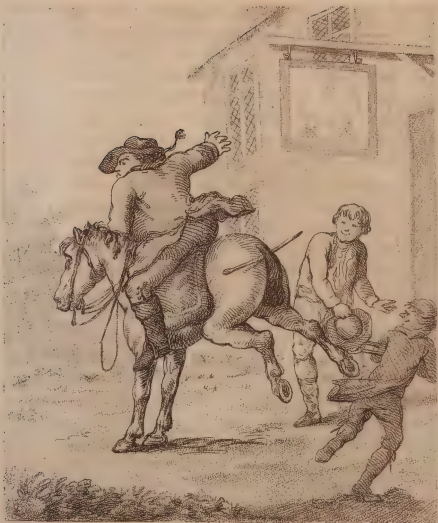
REVEREND SIR,

YOUR brown horse being so good a hunter, and, as you observe, having so fine a notion of leaping, I should be happy if I could be of any service in assisting you to make his two hind legs follow the others; but, as you observe, they seem so very perverse and obstinate, that I cherish but small hopes of prevailing upon them.

I have look'd, and found many such cases, but no cure. However, in examining my papers, I have found out something that may prove of service to you, in your very lamentable case.

An Hostler (or Osteler, for so I believe it is usually written, though I find in the most learned Dictionary in our language, which explains some thousands of words more than Johnson, that it is vulgarly and improperly written Ostteler, for Otseler, query Oatstealer,





17. As upon rollers



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stealer, and this, it must be allow'd, appears to be the true word), an Otsteller that has informed me, that it is a common trick play'd upon Bagsters, or London Riders, when they are not generous to the servants in the Inn, for a wicked boy or two to watch one of them, as he turns out of the gateway, and to pop a bush or stick under his horse's tail, which he instantly brings down upon the stick, and holds it fast, kicking at the same time at such a rate as to dislodge the Bagman that bestrides him. (The annexed Plate will shew how the stick should be placed). Here, Sir, is a horse that lifts up his hind legs without moving his fore ones; and just the reverse, as I may say, of yours; and, perhaps, the hint may be acceptable. Suppose, then, when your horse has flown over a gate or a stile in his old way, with his fore legs only, you were to dismount, and clap your whip, or stick, properly under his tail, and then mount again; the putting him in a little motion will set him on his kicking principles

ciples in a hurry, and its ten to one but, by this means, you get his hind legs to follow the others. You will be able, perhaps, to extricate your stick from its place of confinement, when you are up and over (if you an't down); but should you not, it is but sixpence gone. I send you this as a mere surmise; perhaps it may answer, perhaps not.

I thank you for your offer, which is a very kind one, but I beg to be excused accepting it; all my ambition being to add to the theory, with as little practice as possible.

I am, Rev. Sir, your most humble Servant,

G. GAMBADO.

*Rev. Nic. Nutmeg, Hinderclay, Suffolk.*

N. B. What you enclosed was perfectly genteel, and agreeable too.

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*Note.*

Mr. Gambado shews more good writing, at least more knowledge of what good writing should be, in the beginning of the above Answer, than in any of his Letters. The judicious Reader will observe that the Answer at first is an echo of the Letter it replies to. This is approaching to excellence; it is bordering on the abilities of a Statesman; for so the Minister's address re-echoes the speech from the Throne. Geofrey's

frey's parts appear surely calculated for more places than one; and I do not scruple to think it possible, that, with a proper education, he might have been on the Treasury Bench; and a very pretty Statesman, I dare say, he would have made.

*Note.*

The Dictionary above alluded to, is a very deep work: instead of its containing more words by thousands only than are in Johnson—Johnson does not give us ten words that are in it—nor does it contain much above ten words that are in Johnson. No family should be without it, especially such as have plenty of young Masters and Misses in them; for it will at once satisfy any little doubts in their unfledg'd understandings, and let them into all the natural, but vulgar tricks and expressions that they ought to avoid. This admirable Dictionary is entitled a Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.

*Note.*

If Lord Aboyne should lose his Crest, which I don't see how he can well do, I would advise him to adopt this print of Mr. Nutmeg's hunter, to which his Lordship's motto is finely applicable.

*" Stant cetera tigno."*

*LETTER THE SEVENTH.**To G. GAMBADO, Esq.*

SIR,

HEARING much of your knowledge in horses, I beg leave to ask your advice in a business wherein my delicacy as a Gentleman is deeply concern'd, and flatter myself that you will sensibly feel for my situation, my future fortune in life in a great measure depending on your decision. I have the happiness to be well received by a young Lady of fortune in this town, who rides out every morning, and has had the goodness to permit me to join her for some days past. I flatter myself I am belov'd; but, Sir, the horse I ride is my Father's, and he will not allow me to part with him: and this horse, Sir, has an infirmity of such an extreme indelicate nature, that our interviews are broke off every five minutes, and my dear  
Miss





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Miss S — will perhaps ride away with some other Gownsmen who is more decently mounted.

I really, Sir, dare not mention, in plain terms, the shocking failing of my horse; but, perhaps, if you look into Bailey's Dictionary, you may find it out under the article of Wind. Be pleas'd, Sir, to send me a recipe for this horrid infirmity, or I may lose my dear girl for ever. I have tried several experiments, but all in vain; and unless you stand my friend, I shall go distracted.

*Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem.*

I am, my dear Sir,

In a great fuss, Your's most truly,

GEORGE GILLYFLOWER.

ST. JOHN'S COLL. CAMBRIDGE.

P. S. Regina is not her name, don't imagine that. May I be allow'd to say, I am very anxious for an immediate answer, as she rides out again on Friday next.

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*Memorandum.*

In consequence of the above, I sent the case to my Farrier, who forwarded directly some powders to Mr. Gillyflower

flower with the following Note. The efficacy being so certain, the trifling indelicacy of the prescription must be excused.

Honoured Sir,

By advice from Mr. Gambado of your horse's complaint, I have sent you a powder so strong, that if administer'd night and morning in his corn, will be bold to say no horse in England shall ever fart again after Thursday next. Shall be very thankful for your Honour's custom in the same way in future, and your Lady's too, if agreeable; being,  
Honoured Sir,

Your Servant to command,

Jo. Wood.

At my House at Cheshunt every day. Horses shod agreeable to nature and according to art.

*G. Gillyflower, Esq. St. John's Coll. Cambridge.*

*Additional Memorandum.*

I thought it necessary to employ my Draughtsman, to delineate an interview, between a Gentleman and Lady enamour'd of each other, mounted on horses, labouring under the infirmity mentioned in the above letter. The attitude of the animals at these times, is admirably singular; and has such an effect on the Rider, as always to attract his eyes towards the tail, to see what is the matter. Indeed the back becomes somewhat like that of a camel, until all is ventilated.



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ventilated. I have seen so many things of this kind, that I am concern'd for the young Lady's feelings, on this occasion, knowing they must be great. But still, those feelings, well delineated, might have as fine an effect as *Le Brun's Passions*.—I fear, however, my friend Wood, and his prescriptions, will be in disgrace; for a day or two ago, the learned Dr. — of St. John's College (the same to which Mr. Gillyflower belongs), call'd on me for an ointment to make the hair grow on his horse's tail; and talking about Mr. Gillyflower's horse, he said he knew him; and that he had bought him out of the Duke of Norfolk's Stud. I then told the Doctor of the awkward infirmity he had; upon which, he said, he was not a bit surpriz'd, for the horse was got by Phlegon, and Phlegon was one of the Sun's horses he drove in his chariot; and that Phlegon and the other three were all got by the winds\*; so that no Wood in the kingdom would be able to get his windy tricks out of him.

Mr. Gillyflower being a scholar, might have known as much, methinks,

G. G.

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\* Naturum (observed the Doctor) expellas furea tamen usque recurret.

*LETTER THE EIGHTH.**To the Editor of the Annals of Horsemanship.*

MR. GAMBADO,

I AM a tradesman in the middling way, and keeps a shop in Holborn, where you may be furnished with the best hose, of all sorts, at the lowest prices; but being determind to pay every one their own, without swindling, cannot afford to keep a one horse shay, or a gig; and yet having a wife and daughter grown up to woman's estate, I could wish, for quietness sake, to give them an airing to Highgate, Hampstead, or Hornsey, on a Sunday, like the rest of my neighbours; but this I cannot cleverly do on a single horse, which is all I keeps. I was therefore thinking, that as you knows all about these here things, you might tell me of some kind of saddle, whereby it might be done, for we are all of us little, and  
very





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very slight. I therefore takes the liberty of axing your advice, and am ready to make you the compliment of a pair of best boot stockings for it.

I think it is a shame the Society of Arts do not advertise a premium for finding out some œconomical scheme of this nature. Instead of which, at this very time, you have a parcel of fellows who go about teaching folks to ride on three horses at once, when as how there are very few, in a moderate line, that can afford to keep half a one.

I am, yours, &c.

TIMOMHY LEG.

P. S. I have some notion the Legs are related to the Gambados. I know we are a-kin to the Boots.

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*The ANSWER.*

MR. LEG,

If you can purchase a very long-back'd horse, the thing you require is very practicable,

practicable, and by one common, and two side saddles, you may all ride in file, or one behind the other; one lady facing to her right, the other to her left. But if your horse is of the short punchy kind, you may manage the matter nearly in rank, or all in a row, by means of two appendages like panniers.

Thus, I think, I can accommodate any body, who has more than two to be convey'd, and is either posset of a long, or a short-back'd horse.

I make no doubt but you are connected some way or other with us, I therefore have sent you all the wholesome advice I could. And as there is no contenting all, I hope, at least, the Legs will be satisfied, whoever else may grumble.

I am your Friend and Kinsman,  
G. GAMBADO.

Your boot stockings will be very acceptable, as I have a touch of the gout in my knees,

*LETTER*

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*LETTER THE NINTH.**To G. GAMBADO, Esq.*

MR. GAMBADO,

THE following very singular affair happening in my presence yesterday, I take the earliest opportunity of informing you of it: in hopes, if any other accounts of it should reach you, my story may be heard first. I was just come out of my parish church, where I had, indissolubly I suppose, united one John Mudd, to one Elizabeth Middleditch. I was detain'd some time in the belfry, reprimanding my Clerk for suffering a tribe of filthy dogs to be parading the aisle during the nuptial ceremony; when, on my entering the church-yard, I descried John, rather too sweet upon Elizabeth, and conducting her among the tomb-stones, under the large apple-trees. I instantly sallied to rout them, which, as I was effecting, I heard

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a noise

a noise of a tremendous kind, and looking up, saw (its a fact) a fierce-looking man, mounted on a horse of great magnitude, prancing in the middle of an apple-tree. He showered down the pippins like hail upon us, and, as I saw he was about to descend, I, for fear of the worst, took to my heels, and was home, I believe, in a shorter time by some minutes than I was the Sunday before, when there was a danger of a turbot's being overdrest. The parish have taken it up; and, I understand, stories of the turbot are handed about, to hurt me with the Bishop; and this last business of the apple-tree, is turned into very shameful scandal. But the above is truth, I am ready to affirm. I have since heard that the figure and horse came to the earth, and flying over the church-yard wall, were seen no more. I have put some of the pippins in brandy (not for eating), as no doubt they will fetch a high price when this story is publickly known. I am told also, that after my taking to flight, John and his Mate return'd



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turn'd under the apple-tree, no more dismay'd  
than if they had seen a common man a horse-  
back.

I am, Sir, most assuredly yours,

G. TACKEM.

Whether this was somewhat preternatural or no, I cannot determine. I am a good deal stagger'd in my belief, and dare not, at present, make publick my opinions. But I should be glad to hear yours. I have, however, determin'd to have the apple-trees down.

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### MY OBSERVATIONS.

This is very hard upon the apple-trees, and harder upon those that make pies from them. The story certainly seem'd surprizing at first; and being, I confess, a little superstitious, I suspected my Divine was none of the over-righteous, and that either a spirit, or his conscience, frighted him. But the matter was soon clear'd up, by the receipt of the following letter, which came to my hands about five days after the other.

Mr. Sir,

I forgot your name, and so got a friend to direct this to you. I am told you are a useful man, that you publish all  
you

you receive, and believe all you publish. Now, if you can swallow this, you will any thing; though I'll be d—d if it is not true. Last Thursday our hounds started a hare so suddenly, whilst we were chatting and lolling carelessly, that, ~~by God~~, my horse, who pulls like the devil, was off with me in a jiffey. As ill luck would have it, the curb broke, and he ran straight on for the cliffs above the Scar. I was in a hell of a stew, but stuck fast, and pull'd, and haul'd, to try to turn him, but to no purpose; for he made a sort of a shy towards the cliff, and down we both went, ~~by God~~. As good luck would have it, we came plump into a large apple-tree, in a church-yard, where we swung for some time, but the boughs gave way, and brought us safe and sound to land. I tipp'd my nag over a broken place in the wall, and soon found the hounds again. But the finest thing of all was, when we first lit in the apple-tree, up bounced a fine girl from underneath; and a moment after, ecod! old Pudding-sleeves himself, in full regimentals; I gave him a tantara, and the Doctor ran like a hare. You may insert this if you please, and as it's a fact, you may tack my name to it; being,

Your humble Servant,

HENRY BEAGLE, Jun.

HUNTS CRAG, NORTHUMBERLAND.

OBSERVATIONS.

## OBSERVATIONS.

The above extraordinary affair appeared first in the public paper at Newcastle, and was afterwards copied into those in London; the anecdote of the Clergyman excepted. I own I did not give credit to it, until I received the above letters, which put it beyond all doubt. For one of my correspondents was the person himself who made the extraordinary descent; and the Doctor, who vouches for it, I should imagine, had as lieve it had never happened.

It is indeed worthy a place in these Annals, as a very singular accident; but I know not what knowledge is to be derived from it, except that a down leap is not so very dangerous, provided you have an apple-tree to leap into: at the same time, such a tree affords but bad shelter for an amour, at least at the foot of a steep cliff, as the Doctor must admit.

G. G.

*LETTER THE TENTH.*

SIR,

PERMIT me, through the channel of the Penny Post, to address you on a subject I do not entirely understand; and which you, no doubt, from the eminence of your name, are a most complete master of. I have bought a grey gelding lately, which I never had seen out of the stable, and he look'd a very grand figure in a stall, and they assured me he was sound: so, Sir, I bought him, and the next day mounted and rode him to Chiswick. The horse, Sir, I presumed went oddly; and I got the hostler of the King of Bohemia to get up instead of me, and let me see him go. He went extremely well with his fore legs, just clearing the ground; but he lifted up his hind  
ones

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ones as if he was dancing, or drunk: it is the most fantastic way of going I ever saw; and I sent, and said I should return him: the gentleman said no—that a horse could not go too much above his ground; and if it was with his hind legs, it was better he should do so, than trip before and behind too.

I wish to know your opinion upon this: whether I must take him, or not. I am the joke of the road wherever I go, and the blackguards advise me to ride him tail foremost. I don't love a joke, especially wherein concern'd myself; and rather than have another cut upon me, I shall cut riding entirely, and sell this palfrey of mine to the proprietors of the Brentford Fly. It is a pity, Sir, that there is not room in the Leverian, or any other Museum, to exhibit the extraordinary motions of Bipedes and Quadrupeds; which, I think, are often more wonderful than their structure. Had there been such a convenience, I could have sold my horse for a hundred guineas, as a  
shew;

shew; and provided for a damn'd old Uncle of mine, that is always in my way. Awaiting your answer,

I am, Sir,

Your most respectful Servant,

R. MORECRAFT, Jun.

SEETHING LANE, LONDON.

N. B. Having just mentioned what I could sell my horse for under particular circumstances; I must beg you, at the same time, to understand, that he is at your service for five guineas.

G. Gambado, Esq.

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*Memorandum to Letter the Tenth.*

I remember answering this flippant young gentleman. But I could neither make him comprehend, that his horse was afflicted with a double portion of the String Halt, or that he was to give me a fee for my trouble. So our correspondence closed. But the horse is actually to be seen going four times a day, in the Greenwich, not the Brentford, Fly, with a dog on his back; and so very rare and uncouth is his method of handling his hind legs, that I have never seen so extraordinary an instance of excellence in canine equitation.

G. G.

N. B. The

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N. B. The Public to be told, I am not to be trifled with. This young gentleman never wanted my advice, I dare say; put me to some expence in letters, about a damn'd horse, which he had better have given to his Uncle at once, for his own riding. I don't love a joke myself.

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*LETTER THE ELEVENTH.*

*To Mr. GEOFFREY GAMBADO.*

SIR,

THE following Extract of a Letter from Newmarket fell into my hands lately, near Chester. It contains an account of so extraordinary and severe a race, and exhibits such an instance of bottom in three horses, as can scarcely be parellel'd in the annals of racing. I hope it comes under the description that will gain it admittance into your publication. I have made much enquiry at Newmarket about it, and can only make out, that the Oldest Jockies suppose it to be a letter from

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the

the Duke of Wharton to Sir William More, in  
Cheshire, who was his confederate on the turf.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

JOHN HAYMAN.

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*LETTER THE TWELFTH.*

*Extract of a Letter from Newmarket.*

THURSDAY.

“THIS Day the following horses  
started for the King's Plate: Lord Godolphin's  
b. H. Shakespear, by his Arabian, out of a  
True Blue Mare; Lord Portmore's b. H.  
Looby, by Bright's Arabian, out of a Partner  
Mare; Mr. Panton's ches. H. Partner, by the  
Lonsdale Arabian, out of a sister to Bonny  
Black. The betts were 2 to 1, the field against  
Shakespear.

1st. Heat. Shakespear took the lead, and  
supported it at his usual deep rate, thro' the  
furzes, to the top of Choakjade, with Looby in  
his



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his quarters all the way; but, in coming down the hill, he ran up to him, and they disputed the lead every inch, to the three mile post, where Looby gain'd about half a length, and kept it, till they came over-against the Well Gap; but before they reached the distance post, it was impossible to discern which was first, and they ran in so close together, that it could not be decided which won. Partner laid by, pull'd up, and walk'd in.

2d. Heat. Partner made all the play for the first two miles; and Looby, perceiving that Shakespear did not intend to call upon him, begun to be very busy along the ditch, and gave him so much trouble upon the flat, that just as they enter'd the cords, they were both at laps, and ran it every yard in; but Looby being distress'd by the severity of this and the first heat, was forc'd to submit to his adversary, though with great honor, by half a neck. This rais'd the odds to 3 to 1 Shakespear did not win; which were accepted by the judicious  
part

part of the turf, who relied on the Godolphin blood, and the honesty of the True Blues. Shakespear went away briskly the 3d Heat, closely pursu'd by Partner, while Looby lay too far behind to profess disputing this heat, as he had bravely done the two first. They were now in the third mile, and Partner had never attempted to take the lead; for, as he was conscious he had the foot, though not the stoutness of Shakespear, he intended to reserve his push as long as possible; but Shakespear being aware of that, and trusting to his bottom, began to make running as he crost the ruts, and display'd all his power upon the flat with good resolution: but could not conquer his adversary, till the rising ground from the distance to the winning post, by means of his superior strength, declar'd the contest in his favour, by half a length, hard run. This brought the betts to even money, Shakespear against the field.

The 4th Heat they all jump'd off at score, and ran the first two miles as if they intended to  
tear

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tear one another to pieces; they then slackened their pace, and came gently together to the flat, when they ran at the top of their speed above half a mile, in which they prevail'd by turns; whilst new wagers echoed from the Betting Gap and cords every moment. And now Shakespear having indulg'd a little pull, in order to have something in hand at coming in, was thrown two lengths behind, and the other two continued close together, stuck and cut every yard, when he made a loose, as his last effort, and catch'd them within twenty yards of the ending post, dead run, and their riders almost exhausted; when Partner broke down, and Looby yielded the victory, scarcely by half the head, and with it his life, for he died immediately after the heat.

“ The weather is extremely fine, abundance of good company, and the battle was so equal, that the vanquish'd disdain'd to mourn, and the victor refus'd to triumph.

*Entered for the Mare's Plate to-morrow.*

Juliet, full sister to Shakespear.

Cordelia, by Cyprus, out of Bonny Black.

Violante, by Bay Bolton, out of a Snake Mare.

Camilla, by the Curwen b. Barb, out of Roxana's dam.

Rosalinde, by Childers, out of Brockels by Betty.

And my ches. Mare, Arethusa.

“ The chief betts at present are ; even money my mare and Juliet against the field. They are all in fine condition, and it will undoubtedly be a smoking heat, for I shall order my mare to go off at score, and run it every yard ; you know she'll come through without a pull. As soon as the battle is over, I'll send you an account of the victory by Tom, and am extremely sorry that your indisposition detains you from your favourite diversion, the turf.

“ Hannibal is fallen lame, and your horse will win hollow on Saturday. Victim has paid forfeit to my young horse, and I have match'd him with Pluto for a thousand.”

OBSERVATION.

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**OBSERVATION.**

This was a race indeed, and worthy recording in my Annals. Many thanks to the Correspondent who communicated it.

G. G.

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***LETTER THE THIRTEENTH.***

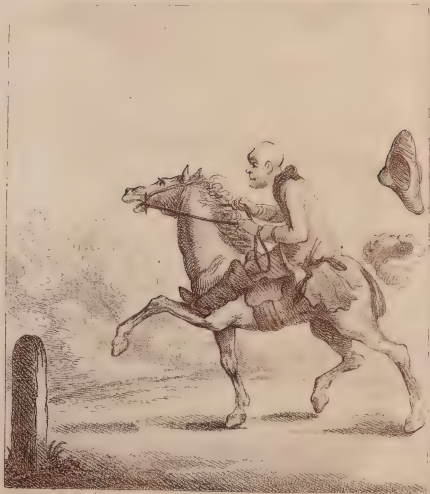
*To G. GAMBADO, Esq.*

**GOOD SIR,**

I AM in great haste, having a great quickness of pulse, and my bed being now warming; but cannot get into it without informing you how fast I came home from Market to-night, and upon my old Mare too, who was always unkind before as to going. But so it happened. The old Mare, that I could never get to go above three miles an hour, as soon as ever I was up, set off, and the devil could not stop her till she got home—ten miles in about 58 minutes. I'm in a sweat yet. But I have found out her motive, and now the Public may  
make

make use of it—I had bought a couple of lobsters to carry home, had their claws tied up, and put one in each of my great coat pockets—Well, the old gentleman in my right pocket (a cunning one, I warrant him) somehow or another contrived to disengage his hands, and no doubt soon applied them to the old Mare's side, and, I imagine, had got fast hold of a rib by the time I reach'd the 1st mile-stone; for she was mad I thought, and my hat and wig were gone in a twinkling—(a wig made by the man who advertises they never fly off the ears—a rascal—wigs may now be universally complained of). However, when I got off, and had taken a little breath, I went into the kitchen to unload, but mist one of my lobsters; so I run back into the stable, and there was the hero hanging at the old Mare's side: she'd had enough of it, and so stood quiet. I eat the soldier to-day, and had like to have died of laughing the whole time. Now, don't you think a lobster might turn to account where a horse is a little dull or so—  
mind







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mind me—if one of these fellows is not worth more than a dozen pair of Mr. Moore's best spurs—I'm a Dutchman—for I have wore out a dozen upon the aforesaid mare in the course of the fifteen last years. Its easily done, only putting no handcuffs on them, and they'll soon go to work and do your business. Pray, Sir, don't you think they might be of use to the light dragoons?

I thought myself bound to inform you of this, as hoping it would prove a great national discovery: I mean to keep lobsters on purpose, for its cheaper than buying a horse instead of my old mare; and I can go faster with one of them in my pocket than I could post. When my boys come home from school, to hunt in the forest, I mean to treat each of them with a crawfish for his poney, and then, I think, we shall head the field.

I am, Sir, yours, ever in haste,

PETER PUFFIN.

*LETTER THE FOURTEENTH.*

MR. GAMBADO,

I HAVE just received the inclosed letter. As it seems worthy publication, I beg you would insert it in the Annals of Horsemanship, which I hear you are going to bring out.

I am your humble Servant,

R. TATTERSHALL.

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SIR,

As I cannot conveniently attend in person at your celebrated Repository at London, and being in great want of such a kind of horse, as I shall specify below, and as I presume in your own Stud you have more than one, such once victorious Steed on the Turf, though superannuated for the Race, yet  
capable

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capable of easy Road exercise (and the Writer here pretends to be as good an Horse-master as any in the Universe), I confide on your suppos'd candour to excuse this liberty, after much debating in my mind to write immediately to yourself (having heard last summer Mr. Score, a Flint-merchant, speak much to your praise, who dines, he said, often at your Ordinary). I hope, therefore, you will indulge a Stranger's request, as most probably you may have such a Steed (in your own Stud) to dispose of; which will be esteemed a singular favour to your unknown, at present, though

Very humble Servant,

SAMUEL LANGLEY, (D. D.)

Wanted an Horse, M. or G. of size and strength, that has figured on the Turf, that will be sold cheap, as being in years, but not past gentle road use, perfectly quiet and temperate, whose paces are smooth and easy to the Rider, and free from all vice.

P. S. If

P. S. If an Horse be recommended, I had rather he had covered, if he will be ridden on the road in company with a Mare, and be quiet as a Gelding. But I shall not approve of one either blind, lame, or broken-winded. Stiffness at starting I shall not regard it, nor his Age, though in his Teens, if his constitution be good, and he can feed well, and yet go well, and safely to the Rider.

A line (and I pray such compliments may be speedily vouchsafed me) of the Size, Age, Pedigree, Colour, and his Performances, with his lowest Price, will be immediately attended to. If I approve of the account, and the terms, I shall send to buy and ride him down. The distance is about 142 miles (measured), which he may perform, in 3 or 4 days, as you shall advise.

*The Rev. Dr. Langley,  
Checkley, near Cheadle, Staffordshire.*

CHECKLEY, May 14, 1789.

*LETTER*





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*LETTER THE FIFTEENTH.**To MR. GAMBADO.*

SIR,

I HAVE long lamented that Riding should be attended with such expence; and see no reason why many articles attending it, which cost money, might not as well be dispensed with as not. If a Gentleman, when his Bills are brought in, is somewhat put to it, to pay for Hay and Corn (which, by the bye, are necessary, or his Horses would be no better than Jack-Asses), why should he be so very extravagant in the article of Leather? Your Gentleman now-a-days, must have to his bridle, two head stalls, and two reins; to his saddle, two flaps on each side, two girths, a crupper or a breast-plate—perhaps both, not forgetting a martingale, with its appendages. I have actually seen a young Cockader, about town,

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with

with a breast plate on his horse, that threw his saddle forwards, merely to be tasty; whilst his Companion's nag, who slipt his girths, had a crupper on like a Dragoon's. But, Sir, these Chaps are not confined to their expenditure in leather—Only observe the buckles and studs, &c. that ornament their trappings—Not a bridle, but would furnish a dozen of knives and forks—nor a saddle that has not a tea-kettle and lamp upon it.

Our Forefathers never rode in this way, and I am happy that I foresee a Revolution is at hand.

It is needless to reprobate such expence, as the Sadler's bill probably brings in the punishment along with it.

Whether Adam, or Cain, or Abel ever rode, it does not appear; but they had Horses, and Dogs, and Foxes, and Hares; and why are we not to suppose that they went a hunting, and had as good sport as we have (nay, better: for they had no Huntsmen)? They must, however,



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ever, have rode without saddles, it is pretty clear.

I do not find that these superfluities were held in much esteem in the time of the Romans. Raphael, in his picture of Atilla, at Rome, has treated us with a Hun or two, riding after the fashion of their country, I suppose. The devil a bit of a bridle have they—nothing but a strap round their Horses neck, which they hold at each end with their hands. Nor are their Nags of the quietest either, but seem to be shewing their agility and caprioles to the best advantage. By no means such Palfreys as either I, or you Mr. Gambado, would like to bestride without a bridle, and a good plain saddle too.

One Stanurtius (a very learned old Author), tells us, that in his time, the Wild Irish (I don't understand how he distinguishes the Wild Irish) used to ride in a strange way, but you must admit they had no bridles.

“Tubaram setas, aut equorum auriculas sinistra apprehendant; atque dum equi obstipis capitibus quieti se inclinant, equites, etiam loriceis aut sagis amicti, mera corporis agilitate se efferunt, divaricatriq! cruribus ephippia occupant.”

Which may be thus turn'd into English—

“They seize their Horses manes, or their ears, with their left hand, and whilst their Horses were thus kept steady, the Riders, even if covered with their cuirasses or sagums, exerting a wonderful agility of body, spring astride into the saddle.”

By this it appears to be very lucky, that cropping Horses, was not then the fashion, or they would have had but little command of them. The Wild Irish now, I am told, have reversed the mode, and taken up the tail instead of the poor ears, which are neglected.

The Tartars of this day, Mr. Gambado, have no saddles, but ride upon a Beef Steak, or a slice of Horse-flesh: which, by that means, becomes sufficiently done for them to eat, by the time they have finish'd their airing. What a delicious





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delicious succedaneum for a saddle; it answers two purposes at once. If a saddle ever answers a second, it is, of galling you confoundedly.

I have dropt a hint of a Revolution—and I expect one. Let the Huns look to it; a successful experiment of riding in their way, has lately been made in my country; but whether from motives of œconomy, curiosity, or emulation, I am yet to learn.

Mr. John Mann, a most eminent Taylor of Bury St. Edmunds, was one day observed to mount his horse (which stood at the door of a Gentleman's house in the neighbourhood) when the bitt was out of his mouth, and, in that manner, to proceed rapidly towards home. My Informant followed him from curiosity; and, from what he could observe, saw no alteration in his riding except that he reel'd a little at times, a circumstance exceedingly natural; and although he had three turns to make to the right, and two to the left, to

X                      thread

thread the needle through some Mackerel carts on the road, and a Water to pass; (where, by the bye, he let his horse stop too long, and drink too much), yet he arrived safe and sound at home.

Now considering the five angles, the Mackerel carts, and his not going over the bridge, which was the right way; I question but such a performance might have puzzled one of Attila's fellows.

As bridles begin to shake, so I may well say, saddles totter. The Tartars must not think themselves the only Moderns who ride without them. It was but two years since, at Ascot Heath, that the thing was attempted and atchiev'd over the Course there. Two Gentlemen rode a match, and, wonderful as it appear'd to modern Britons, one was seen to arrive at the ending Post without his bridle, and the other without his saddle. The latter Gentleman had not even a Beef Steak to sit upon, nothing but a pair of corderoys between him

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him and the Horse's back, the saddle following him behind like a pillion.

By these proficiencies then let us hope, Sir, we may knock off soon a very useless portion of expence—overtake a Hun, and perhaps catch a Tartar.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

JOHN HICKATHRIFT.

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### MY OBSERVATIONS.

The extraordinary performances of the Wild Irish astonish nobody. I had never heard of a Hun, when I read Mr. H.'s Letter first, and thought he meant a Hum. This may be a pretty way of riding, for any thing I know; but I am for a bridle and saddle; and shall not grudge twenty pennyworth of leather to make a martingale of, if it may save some of my teeth. Vale JOHN HICKATHRIFT.

G. G.

*LETTER THE SIXTEENTH.*

GEOFFREY GAMBADO,

EDITOR OF VARIOUS LEARNED PERFORMANCES.

SIR,

You have, no doubt, heard of a description of Natural Philosophers, called Pigeon Fanciers, who breed the bird of that name, and all its varieties. I was once, Sir, a member of this community, till growing tir'd of Pouters, Tumblers, Nuns, Croppers, Runts, &c. &c. I was resolved to enlarge my ideas, by extending my researches, and abandoning the Biped, to obtain a closer acquaintance with the Quadruped, I became a Horse Fancier. Being fond of riding, and daily observing, in my airings to Brentford, a very great variety of horses, and a still greater variety in their motions; I some years since, set about making a collection of such as were singular, and  
eccentric







THE INTERIOR OF A  
HOTEL.

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eccentric in their shapes and actions, and flatter myself no private museum can have boasted of a more admirable variety, than I have possessed. I mean some day or other to class them, and by so doing, think I shall be able to convince the Naturalists, that, from their form and performances, many horses are allied to the cow, and some to the hog kind. In the mean time, I shall just mention to you a few varieties of this same animal, which I have had in my possession; and which may, perhaps, afford you an hour or two's amusement and reflection.

I luckily pick'd up a Daisey-cutter, by his throwing me down on the smoothest part of the grass, in Hyde Park. I had heard of this description of horse frequently, but could not believe the accounts of it, till I found it verified, by experiencing his accomplishments myself. It seems a problem difficult to solve, how a horse can put forward his fore legs, without bending a joint of them, or, how he

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can

can meet with an impediment to throw him down upon ground perfectly smooth!—but so it is. The Daisey-cutter is admirably easy in his motion, and having once made the experiment, upon, and from his back, I am perfectly satisfied, and now keep him for my wife's own riding.


Of this variety, there is still a variety: this horse I likewise possess, and keep as a curiosity. I imagine he must come from some distant country, although he is nick'd after the English fashion; for I cannot get any native to ride him twice.—I have tried a Frenchman with no better success. All declining a second attempt. This animal resembles the Daisey-cutter perfectly in the use of his fore legs: but, instead of carrying his head and neck horizontally, like him, they are raised so high, that his ears are in a perpendicular line with the pommel of the saddle, and his eyes always fix'd on the heavens. His fore parts, when in motion, by this means much resemble a double  
fish-





*The Chandler or its Affinities*

CAVAT LAPIDEM NON VI, SED SEPE CADENDO

fish-hook, or an anchor, as thus 

and I therefore propose to class him under one of these denominations.

The Threatener is another of this species that ought not to be forgot, and indeed he seldom is by any one who has once possess'd him. By the Threatener, Man himself, the Lord of the Creation, who subdues all the animals that range the forest, is himself kept in fear and trepidation. This ingenious animal has the sagacity at every step to threaten the fracture of his rider's neck; probably with a view to discourage and even abolish the custom of riding in general: and at the same time the good sense not to fall quite down, lest he should accidentally break his own. As amongst pigeons, so amongst horses, there are Tumblers. The feat is, however, performed differently, and varies considerably in its effects on the performers. As the pigeon executes this without any thing on its back; so the horse seldom  
achieves

atchieves it, without somebody upon his. To the latter therefore we must give the greatest share of merit, who ventures to perform upon a hard road what the other does only in the air, without even a cloud to brush against. The one preferring, it seems, the Milky, and the other the Highway.

Amongst horses I have never discovered a Pouter; but I have had a fine Puffer\*. The noise he made, however, and particularly when at his business, was not pleasant; and I let a neighbour have him cheap, who had a good three-stall museum, and a very heavy vehicle to draw; so that in all weathers he might enjoy the entertainment of his very extraordinary qualifications.

It is well known that there is a horse that is a Carrier, so is there a pigeon likewise. But as it may not be known to every one, I must

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\* The Puffer, if properly kept on plenty of hay and water, and with little exercise, will in a short time gratify his Keeper by changing into another variety, which we call a Roarer.







*Come with a Cross.*  
IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

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inform you, Sir, that, from very long observation, I find the pigeon is the most expeditious of the two.

I am at this moment, Sir, in possession of a horse that has a Nose, if I may so call the sense of smelling, in a high degree: I do not perceive that he often hits upon game as the dog does, but he makes for a stable door with great avidity; nay, so certain is he of discovering where victuals and drink are to be had, that it is with the utmost difficulty I can get him to pass a sign-post; and it requires no small exertion of arms and legs to prevent his running into every alehouse on the road with me. These are evident signs of a very fine nose: it is a little inconvenient, to be sure, particularly if one is in haste; but the qualification is singular. This variety I shall call *The Setter*, both from his possessing the faculties of the dog so called, and from his proneness to set down his load wherever entertainment for man and horse are to be found. I shall not at present

sent enter into more varieties, but postpone my communications to another opportunity: only having just touch'd upon the horse with a Nose, I must inform you, that one of my neighbours, an Attorney, tells me he has a horse that has no mouth. Although my stalls are all full, I shall certainly purchase this uncommon animal, if he is to be had; as, from his formation, the possession of him can be attended with little or no expence but the prime cost.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

BENJ. BUFFON.

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*LETTER THE SEVENTEENTH.**To MR. GAMBADO.*

SIR,

INTENDING the following account of a most extraordinary phaenomenon that appeared in our parish two days since, for the Philosophical Transactions; I should not have sent it to you, but that there was a horse concern'd in it, and so strange a one, that I thought that if you were not inform'd of it, you would be concern'd yourself. I have drawn it up to the best of my abilities. It is as follows:

On the morning of the 6th instant, the weather intensely cold, the ground covered with ice or frozen snow, as I may say, precisely at the hour of eight, A. M. as Mary Jenkins (who lives as servant at the Fox and Crown public-house, just on the brow of Highgate Hill),

Hill), a young woman about nineteen years of age, of a fresh complexion and sanguine habit, was lying awake in her bed (Reamur's Thermometer then standing at only      and Fahrenheit's at      ), she heard a shout of an uncommon kind; and running to the window, the following phænomenon presented itself to her view. A man, drest much after the manner of the English, but of a fierce and terrifying aspect, seem'd to pass the Fox like lightning, mounted on something like a horse; but such a one as she had never before seen; having the head, neck, and fore-legs of those of this country; saving that the legs were stretch'd out and void of motion; he was furnish'd with a pair of wings, and his hind parts descended from his head obliquely to the ground. She verily believes he had a forked tail, but that hind-legs he had none. The man sat very stiff and upright, and continued his shouts (which from what I can make out from the Girl's imitations of them much resembled the war-hoops  
of





*How to travel upon two Legs is*

UNT TERRIS HUNC TANTUM FATA NEOQUE ULTRA EASE FINIUNT



---

of the Indians), until he turned the corner by the Boarding-school, where she lost sight of him. But he was again visible to her naked eye at the foot of the hill; when some sleet falling, he wholly disappeared.

The poor Girl, exceedingly terrified, awakened the family, and was order'd to go to Dr. —, to take oath of what she had seen; which she did.

Being one of the first who heard of it, I bustled about, and got a good deal of information concerning the progress of the phænomenon, and think I can ascertain at about what rate he travelled.

As the clock struck eight Mary Jenkins saw him on the brow of the hill.

Mamselle Bellefesse, the Teacher at the Boarding-school, being call'd up before her time, and in a small building which looks into the road just at the turn, her watch luckily by her side, saw the strange gentleman pass, precisely at eight and three seconds. She describes

A A

him

him differently from Mary Jenkins, though they both agree in the wings. “ Il me sem-  
bloit avoir le visage de Cupidon avec les ailes  
“ de Psyche\*”—says Mamselle de B. At eight  
and six seconds the Blind Beggar, by his com-  
putation, heard him pass the Cheese-cake House.  
At eight and eight seconds A. M. the man  
coming to sweep the chimneys met him at the  
finger-post. In a second after, he knock'd  
down and went over Alice Turner, the Saloup  
Woman; and exactly at eight ten seconds,  
Mary Jenkins saw the last of him. Now cal-  
culating the seconds and the distances between  
each spot where he was seen, it is evident he  
went at a prodigious rate. Childers would  
have been a fool to him. But he had wings,  
indeed, which perhaps may be more useful  
than hind-legs, otherwise I could not have  
conceived it.

That there are horses of this kind in nature

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\* Which I learn means—He seem'd to have the face of Cupid and  
Psyche's wings.

I make no doubt; as the Lords of the Admiralty authorise us to believe it, by exhibiting two in the front of their House of Office at Whitehall. To these horses Mary Jenkins's seems to be nearly allied; and perhaps by enquiring at the Admiralty we may be inform'd where they may be had. As we lye on the great North Road, I should suppose this, that came through our town, might be what they call a sea-horse, and come from Lapland or thereaways.

If you can throw any light on this wonderful phænomenon, Sir, I hope you will make it public for the good of the community.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

HIGHGATE, Feb. 26th.

WILLIAM GORGET,

*Surgeon.*

P. S. I can't get it out of my head the pace the Gentleman went, considering the interruption he met with from riding over the Saloup Woman.

The Parish Officers had a long meeting about this strange  
man

man that shew'd his face here. But I soon convinced 'em he had not staid long enough in the parish to gain a settlement; and so they are easy. But there's great debates in the Vestry, and in the Coffee-house, and Mr. Figg's shop, yet about it.

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### MY OBSERVATIONS.

I WAS much staggered when I read this account first; but finding, on enquiry, that Mr. GORGET, the Surgeon, was a Barber, I grew easier, and was no more afraid of the North Road than any other—I shall however be a little more cautious of the folks that lye on it.

After all the investigations that have been made about the Phænomenon of Highgate Hill, and the search into all books that treat of Witchcraft; Glanville, and Moore and Wanley: and after all the controversy that has been entered into by the unhappy inhabitants, which has thrown that wretched parish into more distraction than ever fell to the share of St. Paul in Covent Garden! No Vagrants past on—No Vagabonds taken up—No Turncocks to be found—all the Water at a stop—all the Gin a-going—How satisfactory must a glimmering of light be to these unfortunate High-gates which may open their eyes a little, and restore that  
harmony

harmony amongst them they have been so long unacquainted with.

Having received the following Letter a few days since, I beg leave to recommend it to the perusal of the Nobility and Gentry of Highgate in general; but more particularly to Alice Turner (the Saloup Woman, if she is still extant), to the Chimney Sweeper, the Blind Beggar (somebody must read it to him), Mamselle Bellefesse, and Mary Jenkins; being convinced, that if the strange personage they saw was not Mr. James Jumps, it must have been a Conjuror or Cupid, Psyche or the Devil himself.

G. G.

*LETTER THE EIGHTEENTH.*

JEFFREY GAMBADO, Esq.

KIND SIR,

I HAVE an extraordinary story to tell you, that happened to me t'other day as I was a bringing two pair of stays to Miss Philpot's at Kentish-town. I lives, Sir, at Finchley; and a-top of Highgate Hill my horse makes a kind of slip with his hind feet, do you see, for it was for all the world like a bit of ice the whole road. I'd nothing for't but to hold fast round his neck, and to squeeze me elbows in to keep the stays safe; and, egod, off we set, and never stopt till I got to the bottom. He never moved a leg didn't my horse, but slided promiscuously, as I may say, till he oversate somebody on the road; I was too flurrisome to see who; and the first body

I see'd

I sec'd it was a poor man axing charity in a hat. My horse must have had a rare bit of bone in his back, and I sit him as stiff as buckram.

Your Honour's obedient Servant,

JAMES JUMPS.

### FINIS.

#### DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

1. Apotheosis of Geoffrey Gambado	-	To front the Title,
2. Gambado seeing the World	- - -	Page xiii
3. The Puzzle	- - -	2
4. ——— for a Dog, Horse, or Christian	- - -	3
5. How to make the most of him	- - -	18
6. ——— the least of him	- - -	20
7. How to do things by Halves	- - -	27
8. Tricks upon Travellers	- - -	29
9. Love and Wind	- - -	33
10. Me, my Wife and Daughter	- - -	38
11. How to make the Mare to go	- - -	54
12. How to prevent a Horse slipping his Girths	- - -	60
13. How to ride without a Bridle	- - -	63
14. The Daisy Cutter	- - -	67
15. The Tumblers, or its Affinities	- - -	69
16. A Horse with a Nose	- - -	71
17. How to travel upon two Legs	- - -	80











